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# MAYFAIR

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## SPECIAL FEATURES

page

**The Hindenburg:** End of the airship *Gerald Rawling* 20
**Sacred Cowes:** Sailing's big week *Mark Cator* 62

## GIRLS

**Ann:** Egyptian mummy's girl *Michael Ancher* 12
**Isabelle:** European beauty *Jean Rougeron* 27
**Olga:** August au pair *Donald Milne* 40
**Margaret:** From a barish Market *John Patrick Burgess* 51
**Tazmin:** Millionairess or no? 68
**Kim:** She's pantie looney! *Basil Crawford Smith* 79
**Ilona:** An MP's seat uncovered 106

## HUMOUR

**Hot for Tots?** An inconceivable problem *Paul Christopher* 75
**Open to Offers:** Estate agents cartooned *Anthony* 97
**Gentlemen, That Reminds me:** More choice jokes 103

## INFORMERS

**Motoring:** Britain's Doretti *William Boddy* 34
**Quest:** Mature allure 87

## FICTION

**Wheel of Misfortune:** A ride for a ride *James Hill* 48

## COMPETITION

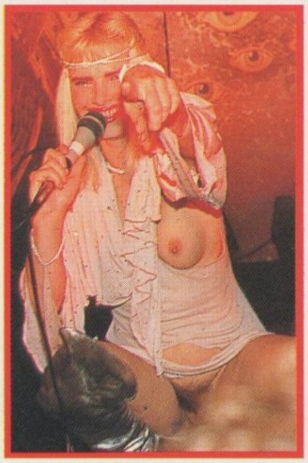
**Win a video camcorder with Bacardi rum** 24

## SPECIAL OFFERS

**Diver's Watch** page 26/**Style Watches** page 38/**Best of Mayfair** page 76/**Binder Offer** page 94/**Satin Lingerie** page 102/**Girls of Summer** page 104

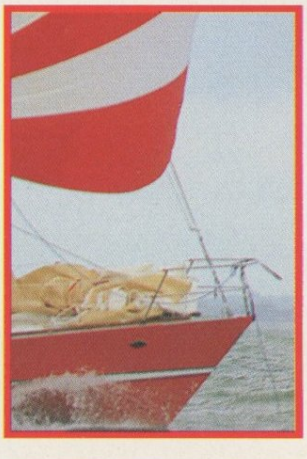
## READER SERVICES

**Letters** page 7/**French Subscription Details** pages 93/**Subscription Details** page 101/**Book Society** page 105/**Back Numbers** page 112



Whatever would Black Rod say? Ilona is an MP in Italy who also poses nude. Don't tell Mrs T. 106

Doretti might sound Italian but these sports cars hailed from Walsall! 34

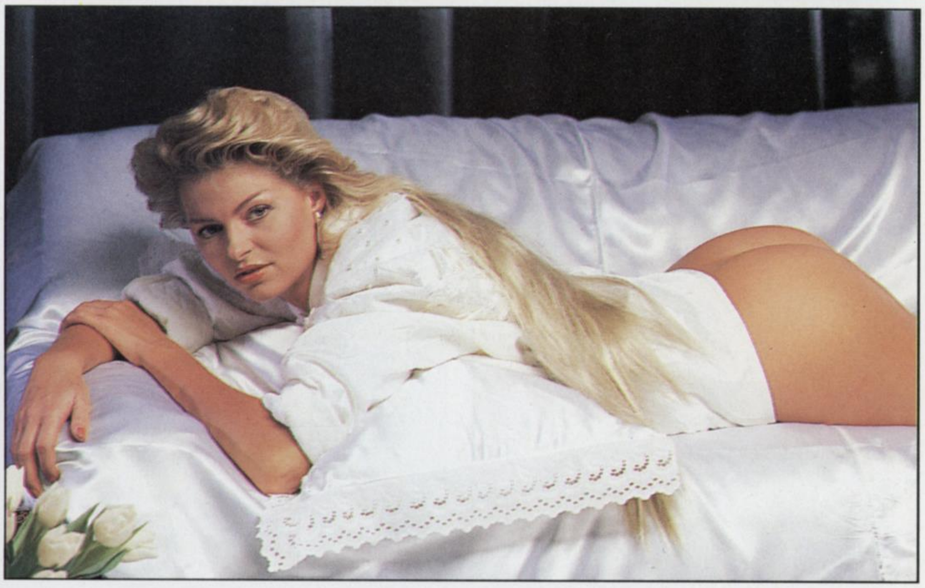


Top yachtsmen battle against the elements every year at Cowes Week. Action, colour, danger! It's not for the weekend dinghy man. Stay warm and dry, and read this instead. 62

## COVER STORY

City financier Margaret Underwood has the figure to make anyone's index rise, but don't tease her with jokes about the Big Bang, she's heard them all. Take stock of her assets on our centre pages. 51

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistant **Sarah Buck** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.



When they are also 34-23-34 and stand 5 feet 10 inches in their bare feet, one can understand the interest. 'I've been offered everything from the finest dinner at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo to a marriage proposal as a number two wife — out of four,' she smiles. 'Being so tall helps me to say no.' Keeping cool, calm and elegant in tricky situations is something Ann learned from an early age. 'I was always taught to be a little lady,' she says. 'It's probably why I've kicked over the traces ever since!'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

# ANN

Being long, blonde and leggy — not to mention extremely sexy — may be an excellent qualification for a photographic model, but it can be a distinct disadvantage when you happen to be giving a serious lecture on 18th Dynasty Egypt, particularly when you are in Egypt at the time. That, at least, is the experience of 24-year-old Ann Louise Carter, who is a lecturer-cum-guide for a small travel company specialising in cultural tours. 'Blondes,' she says, 'are extremely popular in Arab countries.'

Kick number one was taking an ancient history degree at a red-brick university. 'It should have been Oxbridge, Durham or York,' she says. Kick number two was abandoning a 'rather hoorayish existence' centred around a shared Kensington flat for the Middle East. Number three is her modelling debut. 'I'm sure everyone hopes I'll slow down now. But I'll keep them guessing!'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JEAN
ROUGERON

# ISABELLE

Twenty-two-year-old Isabelle Duncan is a living compendium of the EEC. 'My father is Scottish, my mother is French and my grandmother was Spanish,' says this 36D-25-34 Dorset lass. 'I also have a German shepherd called Adolf. I don't know if he counts! He's one of the family.'

All of which helps her enormously in her job as a secretary for a small West Country tour operator. 'I may not be the best typist in the world,' she jokes, 'but I do know how to say sorry in three different languages!' The perks include frequent trips to her parents in France.

'They retired there three years ago, leaving me to look after their old home near Sherborne. But I had so many parties they decided to sell while there was something still standing!' She now shares a small flat with Adolf, who proves handy with over-enthusiastic boy-friends. 'Not that I object to enthusiasm,' she smiles. 'From the right man, of course.'

# OLGA

## *Our august au-pair*

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
DONALD MILNE

*Please, what does this word `well-stacked' mean?*

Twenty-year-old Olga Behr from Amsterdam admits that her English isn't very good. 'But I'm in London Dulwich for six month, so I learn, yes?' Already she's learned that having an august 36-26-36 figure proves an imposing sight here in Britain. 'I was drinking in the pube, is it? and I heard two men say I was well-stacked. Please, what does this word well-stacked mean? We have stacks in Holland but in fields and made of straw. But I am not!'

# I have a big bottom. Do men like that?

We explained. 'So that is good, yes? And I have a big bottom. Do men like that in Britain too?' Oh good! I have fun then.'

So far, Olga hasn't had much time for fun, because of her au pair work for a family in Dulwich village. 'I look after the children, and they help me with my language. I read them *He-man* books, and stories of Dragons and Dungeons, yes? But I do drink at the *Dulwich Woodhouse* — pints of bitter beer called Special Yooongs, is it?'

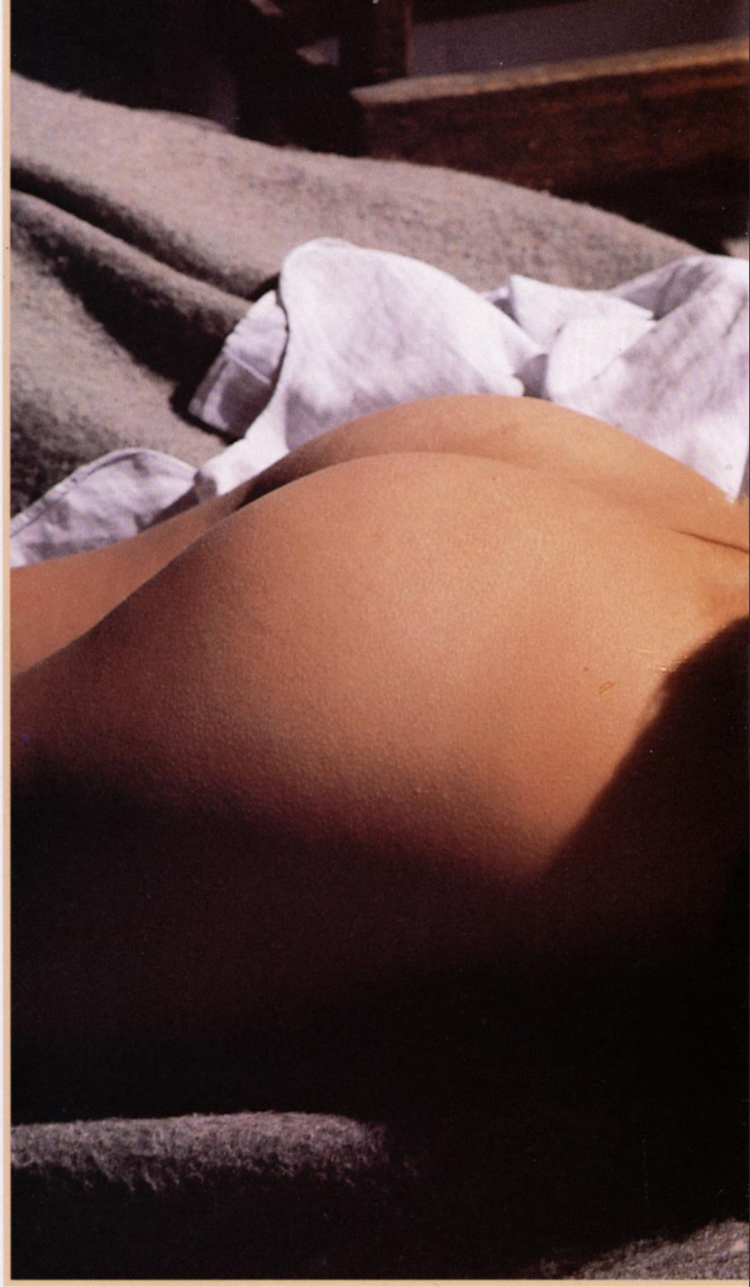
So what does Olga think of English men? 'They are so lusty, is that the word? They joke and shout all the time, and when they see me, they hit my bottom with their hands. They say they want to do rude things. Why do Englishmen want to be rude with me? I don't understand. In Amsterdam, all girls are like me.' But not all of them model in *Mayfair*, Olga. 'No, I'm a horny bit of stuff, ya? I heard that in the *Woodhouse*. I learn all the time, yes?' Oh yes, Olga, you're certainly learning.

Why do Englishmen want to be rude with me?

# Margaret

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

If you find yourself chatting up 24-year-old Margaret Underwood in one of her favourite Knightsbridge watering holes, take some advice: 'I have heard every conceivable line about the Big Bang, so if you want to stand a chance with me, try to come up with something original,' said our sexy City financier. 'A good line in chat is more important than looks.'



Margaret's wheeling and dealing on the Stock Market has enabled her to achieve two ambitions — a flat only a stone's throw from *Harrods*, and a bright red Escort XR3i. So why model her 34-23-34 figure for *Mayfair*? 'It's an occasional thing. I'm surrounded by such strait-laced colleagues I like to shock them.'

Margaret has a more genteel side to her character, and loves giving dinner parties. 'Even if I say it myself, I am a damn fine cook, and there's nothing I enjoy more than sitting down with a few close friends to try a new dish, with plentiful supplies of a good wine, of course.' What about dining *à deux*? 'Oh yes. I adore sharing breakfast in bed with someone special. And there's so much you can do with strawberry jam.'

## Margaret Underwood

Girl of the Month

MAYFAIR

# Tazmin

# The millionairess who never was

Sexy Asian model Tazmin Khan is a woman of mystery. When we met her the long-legged 21-year-old told us her husband was an oil millionaire who had spent £100,000 launching her modelling career. The 36-22-34 inch beauty spoke of their jet-set lifestyle hopping between a pad in Long Island, New York, and their £4 million London home, making calls from a luxury limousine, and nights spent at the most fashionable clubs, protected by bodyguards.

Tazmin appeared in newspapers like *Sunday Today,* the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Sport* in glamour shots or posing with celebrities like heavyweight boxing champ Mike Tyson. But the climax came when her husband bid £1,600 in a charity auction for Royal photographer Lord Lichfield to photographed her. The charity maintained he never paid the money. Two weeks after running a large feature on Tazmin and her husband, *Sunday Today* claimed he was not a millionaire and that the couple were living in a flat in his father's house. The paper said Tazmin's real name is Mumtaz Jaffer, and ran comments from her husband's mother, Kay Jaffer, claiming the family are 'just ordinary working Indian people'.

We have not been able to contact Tazmin since the story appeared, but whatever the truth behind our mystery lady, her ambitions are plain. 'I am greedy for fame. I want everyone all over the world to know who I am,' she told us. 'I want to be a legend, and when I die I want people to remember me.' She said modelling is a turn on for her. 'I love men to fantasise about me, I love the idea of being in *Mayfair*, it turns me on very much.' When it comes to her taste in men, Tazmin likes the domineering type. 'I think for myself so much, there are times when I want a man making me do things,' she said.

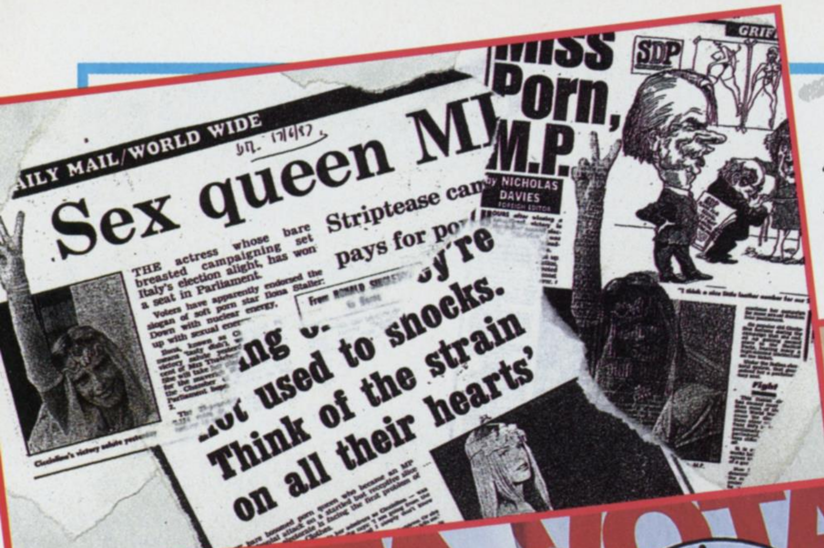
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

# K·I·M

There's no doubt that Kim Williams has 'gotta lotta bottle' — around a thousand a minute, in fact. That's because 21-year-old Kim works in a dairy. 'No, I don't carry a yoke or sit on a three-legged stool,' she grinned. 'I sit and watch thousands of bottles go past on a conveyor belt.' Nor is her dress that of the traditional milk maid. 'I wear a long white coat and cardboard trilby!' Kim laughed. 'No wonder I like dressing up when I go out.' Or even when she's staying in.

'Ever since I was a little girl,' said Kim from her flat in Bristol, 'I've loved trying on clothes. Now, I can spend a very happy evening by myself slipping into different dresses.' And not only dresses. Kim boasts over 200 pairs of knickers, 50 bras and 20 different suspender belts. Silk, satin and lace are the predominant materials. 'If I'm honest, I suppose I would say it was a kink,' Kim maintained. 'I do like the feeling of a sensuous fabric against my skin . . .'

Does she only wear her lingerie in private, or does she dress up for men? 'Oh I rarely wear plain Marks and Sparks when I'm out,' said Kim. 'I think it's important to *feel* sexy as well as look it.' And how does she keep her 35-24-34 body looking good? 'No, I don't bathe in milk. I I even drink coffee black. No, I cycle to and from work, and don't eat sweets.' And her favourite man? 'A lingerie rep would be nice!'



AILY MAIL/WORLD WIDE

D.T. 17/6/87

# Sex queen MI

THE actress whose bare breasted campaigning set Italy's election alight, has won a seat in Parliament.

Voters have apparently endorsed the slogan of soft porn star Ilona Staller: Down with nuclear energy.

Striptease cam

pays for po

ng o ey're

ot used to shocks. Think of the strain on all their hearts'

MISS Porn, M.P.

by NICHOLAS DAVIES

FOREIGN EDITOR

'La Cicciolina' — top Italian glamour star Ilona Staller — stages her topless campaign

VOTA
partito radicale
VOTA
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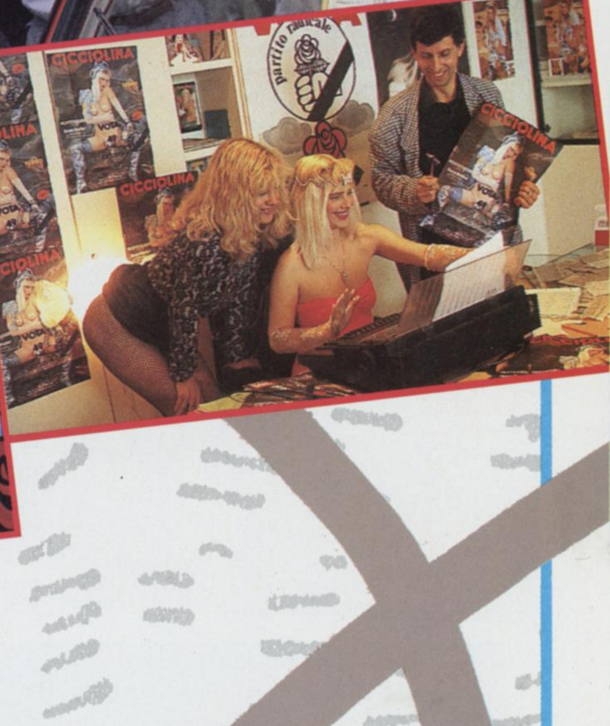
partito radicale
CICCIOLINA
CICCIOLINA
VOTA
CICCIOLINA
CICCIOLINA

# ILONA ~ the world's first nude MP

Politicians are always claiming they never have enough exposure, but that's never been a problem for Italy's sexiest MP. Newly elected Ilona Staller campaigned in the nude.

OTA
radicale

partito radica

Thirty-seven-year-old Ilona — known as 'La Cicciolina' (Italian for 'Sweetie Pie') ran for Italy's Radical Party, which opposes war and nuclear energy, and promotes civil rights and environmental issues. As Italy's premier glamour magazine and video star, Ilona was adopted as a gimmick candidate.

'I am running as a Green from the redlight district'

Her party placed her 49th out of a total of 50 candidates on their ballot paper — a position that virtually guaranteed electoral oblivion. But they reckoned without the dynamic personality of La Cicciolina. 'I am running as a Green from the redlight district,' she announced to astonished voters. She then proceeded to run a high-powered

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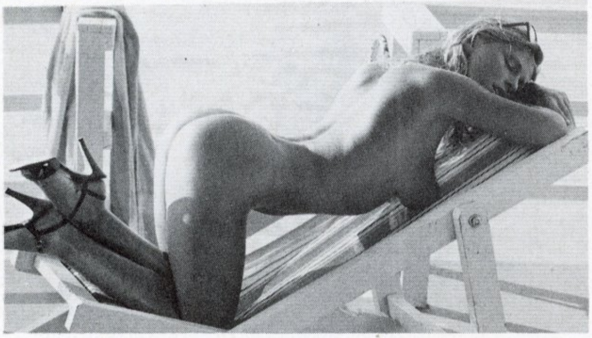
A GREAT DEAL



Sian Adey Jones was in Vol 20 No 1. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 3, 8, 9 and 10 and Vol 20 No 1 for only £3.75. But be quick!

*Other back numbers available include:*
**VOL. 19 No. 3** (Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *(''Starbird'' Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **5** *(38D Zoe, the girls behind the Wham! rumpus, the mysterious death of Lawrence of Arabia)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galleyships)* £2.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer** £2.70.

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election campaign in a constituency near Rome, where she gave over a hundred speeches and often brought traffic to a halt by doing spontaneous stripteases, or by simply rolling down her top to reveal her shapely 36-inch breasts.

'I'm against nuclear energy. I believe in sexual energy'

Meanwhile she was attracting even more frenzied attention with her night club act. Between acts featuring black-clad girls wielding whips, steel-studded gloves and bottle-sized glass dildoes, she appeared fully nude, climaxing her performance with an act involving a snake which disappears as it winds itself around her body.

Ilona's published statements proved just as provocative as her stage show. 'I'm against nuclear energy,' she told reporters. 'I believe in sexual energy.'

To the amazement, and delight, of her sponsors, Ilona promptly polled 7,114 votes. Under Italy's proportional representational system, that gave her a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, where she is now the Radical Party's No. 2 MP. She celebrated by leaping topless into a Roman fountain.

'I studied the Kama Sutra and it is now my bible'

But Ilona is no stranger to media, or male, attention. Born in Hungary, she moved to Italy as a teenager, seeking work. She told *The People* newspaper: 'Ten years ago I discovered I was fantastically photogenic when making love because I truly adore it.

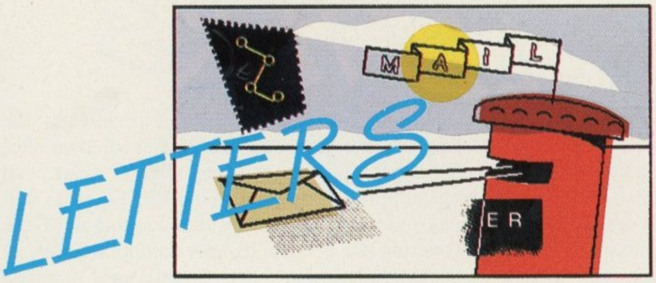
'I studied the Kama Sutra and now it is my bible. I know all the positions.' When Italy's television service was deregulated allowing private channels to broadcast virtually uncensored, Ilona became the first nude to appear on Italian TV, moving on to produce her own show. Now she publishes six weekly glamour magazines, featuring highly revealing views of herself, as well as producing and starring in her own risque videos.

'I found I was very photogenic when making love . . .'

As an MP she intends to 'bring love into Parliament . . . and fight to have the penal code on public morals overturned.' It's a code she's often fallen foul of herself; police have regularly interrupted the climax of her stage act. But all that may change. Italy's sexiest MP is now claiming 'Parliamentary immunity' for her naughtier public performances.

*You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

*Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*



## A stocking plea

I have today purchased a copy of Vol 22 No 6, and must again congratulate you on the contents. All the girls featured are real beauties. I very much like the sexy and revealing photos of *Rude Health's* Susie Ann Watkins — particularly the view of her on page 17 where she is rubbing sun tan lotion into her gorgeous boobs.

The set of the beautiful black girl, Gillian Webb, is superb too. Her white suspenders and stockings look really sensational against her light brown flesh. I only wish more girls would wear stockings and suspenders. Girls in *Mayfair* and the newspapers do, but it's ages since I've heard of ordinary girls wearing them, especially where I live. So come on, girls, whether you work in an office, shop or factory, get some stockings and suspenders. We'll love you for it.

*D Barker, Blackburn*

## Suspenseful reminiscence

I once read that a young man's first sight of an attractive woman in her underwear will sometimes result in him being 'hooked' on the particular garments she is wearing. For the rest of his life underwear of the same kind will provide a powerful sexual stimulus.

This is almost certainly what happened to me when I was about 18. The woman in question was a cousin in her early twenties, who was staying at my parents and was very sexy. This would have been about 1963, just before the era of the mini-skirt.

She had been upstairs, getting ready to go out one evening, but found that she had to press her skirt almost at the last minute. She rushed downstairs to use the ironing board, which was positioned at the back of the living room. I was watching television at the other end of the room, and when I turned round was presented with the quite stunning sight of my cousin wearing just her blouse, knickers, suspenders, high heels and stockings. Her stockings, I recall, were standard light brown and seamed, which was the usual female leg wear in those days (seams were optional). Any girl wearing black stockings was likely to be regarded as a beatnik.

While she hurriedly ironed her skirt, I sat there entranced, unable to tear my eyes away. Ever since, I have been a confirmed stockings and suspender enthusiast.

I refer to the mini-skirt earlier, and over the years I must confess I have developed an ambivalent attitude to it. I love the sight of shapely-legged girls wearing it, but the almost total adoption of short skirts in the late sixties by the younger female population led to the almost complete demise of stockings and the pre-eminence of tights, thereby taking away from men a major part of their enjoyment.

The need to wear tights in order to avoid wholesale public displays of suspenders and stocking tops below short skirts led to an entire generation of females who regarded tights as obligatory wear in *all* situations. When skirts eventually became longer again in the mid-seventies the damage had been done. Even in an age widely regarded as permissive the wearing of stockings and suspenders came to be regarded as needlessly erotic, and even downright kinky.

The great comeback of stockings has been predicted for the best part of ten years, but it is only in the last year or two that there have been substantial indications that it really is beginning to happen.

There must be a great many men who have never seen their partners wearing these garments. This is truly appalling. I am eternally grateful that I have a fiancée who is a willing wearer of stockings and suspenders. I have told her that on our wedding day and our honeymoon tights will not be tolerated at all. It must be stockings and suspenders all the way, otherwise she will receive a sound spanking on her bare bottom!

*AT, Tyne and Wear*

## Knickers to America

I can only surmise from the steady rise in the purchase price of your magazine that you've met with quite some success in the US market. Many I suggest that it is due to one thing (and this may sound silly) — 'knickers', as you call them.

You may be surprised to learn that your is the only publication in this whole country which regularly features explicit shots of these arousing yet domestically neglected items — items after which innumerable American men obviously hanker. In this cultural wasteland, spleens and ovaries via dildo-shaped lenses are the order of the day. This is the milieu of the American 'man-on-top, get-it-over-with-quick' attitude, in which 'panties', as we call them, are nought but a hindrance, something to be dispensed with as quickly as possible.

Curiously, it seems to be a cultural phenomenon specific to the English; the French and Germans ignore them as well. And yet even England's most downmarket magazines (I name no names) are packed with the ubiquitous knickers. Here such views are only available in budget three-packs, where only one magazine offers what the knicker seeker wants, while the other two are sordid smut.

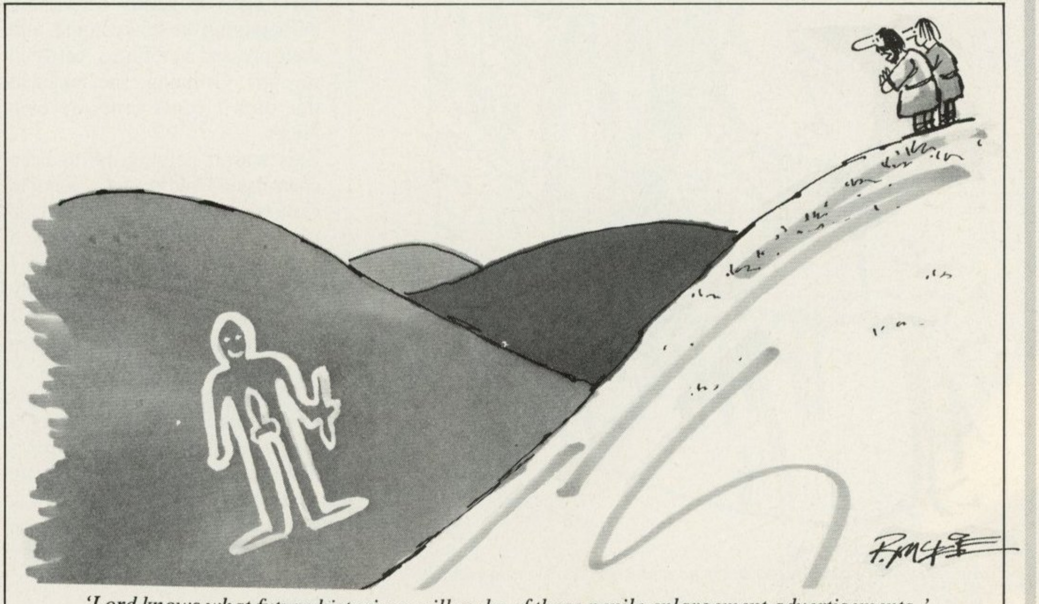
I hope that has been somewhat insightful in the marketing sense. The unstressing or diminishing of such pretty items in your magazine would jeopardise its popularity. If I were to start my own magazine, I'd include lots of knickers, and s-knicker all the way to the bank.

Keep it up and watch as your target market of well-to-do, upwardly mobile American men grows and grows. The advertising, programme and layout are right on the money.

*TS, USA*

## Angry (and nude) of Gosport

Since I first began buying *Mayfair* about ten years ago I have often thought that many of your letters have been written from the imagination rather than real life: spontaneous sex — often with a



*'Lord knows what future historians will make of these penile enlargement advertisements.'*

# LETTERS

complete stranger; rarely any mention of contraception; instant orgasms for everyone concerned. This was mainly because I had only experienced sex within longstanding relationships, and after thorough family planning. After last weekend, however, I think I can now qualify as a member of the *Mayfair* correspondent's club!

About six months ago I moved into my present home, a first floor flat with a balcony, one end of which extends against the flat next door. On my balcony there is a washing line, and last Sunday morning I was hanging out my washing when I happened to glance through my neighbour's lounge window. For some reason the net curtains had been taken down.

Sitting on the floor, totally naked, and painting her nails was my neighbour Karen (name changed). She is a girl of about 25, whom I knew reasonably well and quite fancied, though I had never asked her out, mainly because she seemed a lot livelier and more forthright than my usual girlfriends.

She seemed unaware that she was overlooked, so I took a few more furtive peeps. She finished her nails, walked across the room, picked up a hair dryer and began to dry her hair which I saw was damp. That was when she saw me.

I quickly retreated to my flat, feeling rather foolish and embarrassed that I'd been detected, but still dazzled by the sight of her nudity. Thoughts of her small, but large-nippled breasts, the thin wisps of ginger pubic hair delicately covering her mound, and her wonderfully fleshy backside, soon gave me a raging hard on.

I was seriously tempted to take advantage of it when there was a knock at the front door. Trying to hid the tell-tale bulge in my trousers by pulling down my sweater, I answered the door. I was struck dumb to see my neighbour standing there. She was still barefoot but now wore a loose, knee-length shift, and a very angry expression.

Her eyes dropped straight to my trousers where my bulge was very poorly disguised. 'Having a good wank?' she snapped, and pushed past me into the hallway. I quickly shut the door, only to meet Karen's hard glare. 'Never seen a naked woman before?' she cried. 'Want a closer look?'

Before I could think of anything to say, she had grasped her shift, yanked it over her head and flung it at my feet. I caught a flash of bare bottom, then she had disappeared into the lounge.

I stumbled after her and found her standing in the middle of the carpet, arms folded over her breasts, legs slightly apart, and completely naked. She was still glaring at me, looking as if she could happily commit murder.

*'Are you planning to become a shameless nymphomaniac before or after dinner?'*

Not being exactly used to naked women striding unannounced into my living room, I could only think to say, 'Why don't you sit down?'

Karen sighed, then moved across the room toward me, and to my surprise bent and pecked me on the cheek. Since I'd not known what to expect, I jumped. Karen gave me an exasperated look, then leaned forward again, brushing her lips against mine.

Even if she'd gone stark raving mad — with the emphasis on 'stark' — I wasn't so well off I could afford to let go a chance like this. I brought my hands up behind her, pulled her towards me and started to kiss her back. She moved quite easily against me, her breasts pressing into my chest, and we were soon French kissing deeply.

By this time I had a more-than-raging hard on, and I felt I would come at any moment. Perhaps sensing this, Karen began unbuttoning my shirt and trousers and unzipping me. I pulled away from her and stripped to my underpants.

As I've never been particularly proud of my penis — it's barely five inches when primed for action — I hesitated at that point though Karen did not. 'Do you want to come in those, or in me?' she asked. I slipped them off immediately. We both looked down at my cock and saw that my juices had begun to seep from the tip. Karen reached down and drew her finger tip gently across my bulb, wiping the sticky liquid, and then pressed her finger between my lips. Grinning, she repeated this until I could taste my own juices.

This wasn't helping me to keep control and I told her I was about to explode. Expertly she gripped the base of my rod with the thumb and forefinger of both hands. I felt I would shoot my load through my backside, but after a moment I realised the eruption had been temporarily delayed.

I spent the next few moments having the insides of my thighs kissed, and then licking Karen's nipples, which seemed to make up at least half of each breast. I was still licking them as we eased to the floor and Karen gently guided my cock into her exceedingly moist fanny.

As our pubic hair meshed together, I began to shoot my juices deep into her, while she suddenly clutched at my buttocks, and I let out an almighty yelp that must have been heard for miles around.

Afterwards we talked and she admitted she had fancied me for some time and couldn't understand why I hadn't done anything about it, up until my Peeping Tom act. When I hadn't shot straight round and ravished her, she decided she had to take things in hand — literally!

*KC, Gosport*

## Terrific Tony

I feel I must congratulate you for putting the sexy 19-year-old Toni Malone in Vol 22 No 4. All the girls were lovely, but Toni seemed to stand out from the rest. I hope we will be seeing more of her in future, fun-filled pages of *Mayfair*.

*LPF, Felixstowe*

## Middle Eastern adventure

As a man in my sixties, I would like to suggest that exciting sex doesn't end with late maturity, or even have to involve long bouts of intercourse.

On a recent business trip to the Middle East, I was unable to find accommodation in my usual hotel. Instead I stayed at one used mainly by West German tourists. Returning from business one afternoon, I went to the bar to quench my thirst, and, spotting a lady sitting alone, I joined her, finding that she spoke only German. Although not fluent, I can converse socially. It turned out she was 43 years old, married but on holiday without her husband.

Clearly she was a little bored with the tourist routine, sharing a room with another lady tourist whom she did not like very much. I suggested dinner, but she felt obliged to stay with her party. Nevertheless I gave her my room number and said I would be happy to provide a drink there later on.

I retired about 10 pm, thinking it unlikely my invitation would be accepted. How wrong can you be! About 10.30 she arrived, by which time I had showered and was clad only in a light dressing-gown. In anticipation of a possible visit I had left my current copy of *Mayfair* on the table. She accepted some Scotch and, at first, said she could stay only some minutes. However she started perusing *Mayfair*, permitting me to sit alongside on the bed whilst we commented on the various pictures.

There was only token resistance to my undoing her blouse buttons,

*turn to page 114*

# LETTERS

*continued from page 8*

and less still when I put my hand inside. By this time my erection was massive, and clearly visible. To 'test the water' I eased her back onto the mattress and started to remove her clothes bit by bit. She didn't object, but after a while announced that she would like a shower, and went through into the bathroom.

By now I was convinced my luck was in. I quickly undressed and hopped into bed. When my lady friend re-emerged, she wasn't wearing a thing, and, slipping straight into bed next to me, immediately took hold of my erection and began to pump it up and down quite vigorously. I responded by kissing and caressing her breasts, gradually working my way down to her pussy.

This she really seemed to enjoy, and I sucked and licked her for some minutes before deciding it was time for intercourse. But, as I went to get between her legs, she flatly refused to let me in!

She said anything else was OK and suggested I start by climaxing over her breasts. Afterwards she departed for another shower, returning to place my hand back on her mound, asking me to stroke her until she climaxed. As I did, she really went wild, pulling at my penis like mad the whole time.

Then she asked me to suck her some more, and to be really quite violent, biting her nipples and generally massaging them quite harshly. The snag was she was giving me the same treatment and, because she had not removed her finger rings, they raised quite a blister on my old man. Several times we went into the '69' position and she sucked me off most enthusiastically, saying she had never done that to anyone before.

We alternated between short rests and bouts of frenzied activity for two hours, with more looks at *Mayfair* and more Scotch in the quiet moments. She admitted before leaving that she wanted me to do all the things to her that her husband would not do! We met briefly next day, but there was no suggestion of a further session. However it had been a splendid ego trip.

*AM Bradford*

## A tale of a tub lover

I am buying your excellent magazine now for more than eight years and I always enjoyed it. My favourites are all those letters concerning wet clothing, followed by mudlarking and slapstick. You are publishing from time to time an encouraging letter of my favourite wet-look, but never did a Quest, nor a photo session with really fully clothed girls getting drenched. Why don't you?

I think it would be good in every second or third to have one such feature. Like somebody suggested, the nicest would be a girl from 18 up to the mature age taking a dip in her casual clothes in different situations. You could feature it as 'Memoirs of a water-loving girl.'

At 18 years she goes to a posh midsummer party of one of her friends. Later in the evening she is losing a game and is thrown in the pool. This is perhaps leading to one pushing another, or a 'who has the wettest dress in town?' game.

At the age of 30 she has a romp at home with her boyfriend, and ends up in a casual skirt and blouse in a tub full of suds. She drags in her friend, who is fully dressed too, and he strips her.

At 40 years she has a young child who is trying every possible thing. Once it takes a big kettle for a boat and starts rowing off shore. The tenderful mother has to rescue it after the boat is swamped, wading into the pond in a nice long gypsy skirt and matching blouse.

Now 50 years old she goes shopping in a neat two-piece and is caught in a heavy rainstorm, jamming her umbrella and getting soaked to the skin.

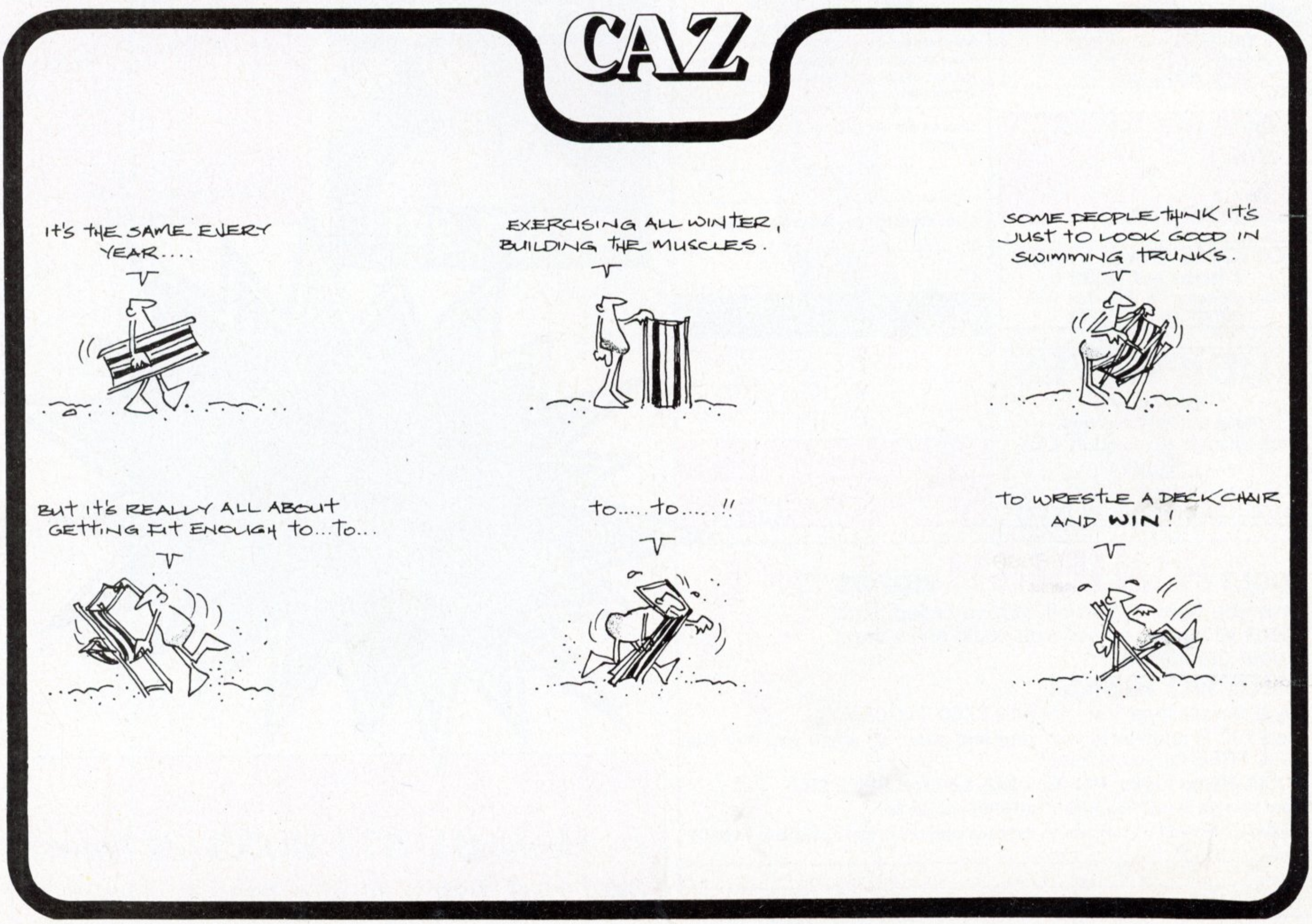
Still young at 60, she is enjoying the sight of her 20-year-old daughter falling from rowing boat in a nearby lake, wearing her Sunday best. Later the girl is swimming ashore and lying in the sun to dry.

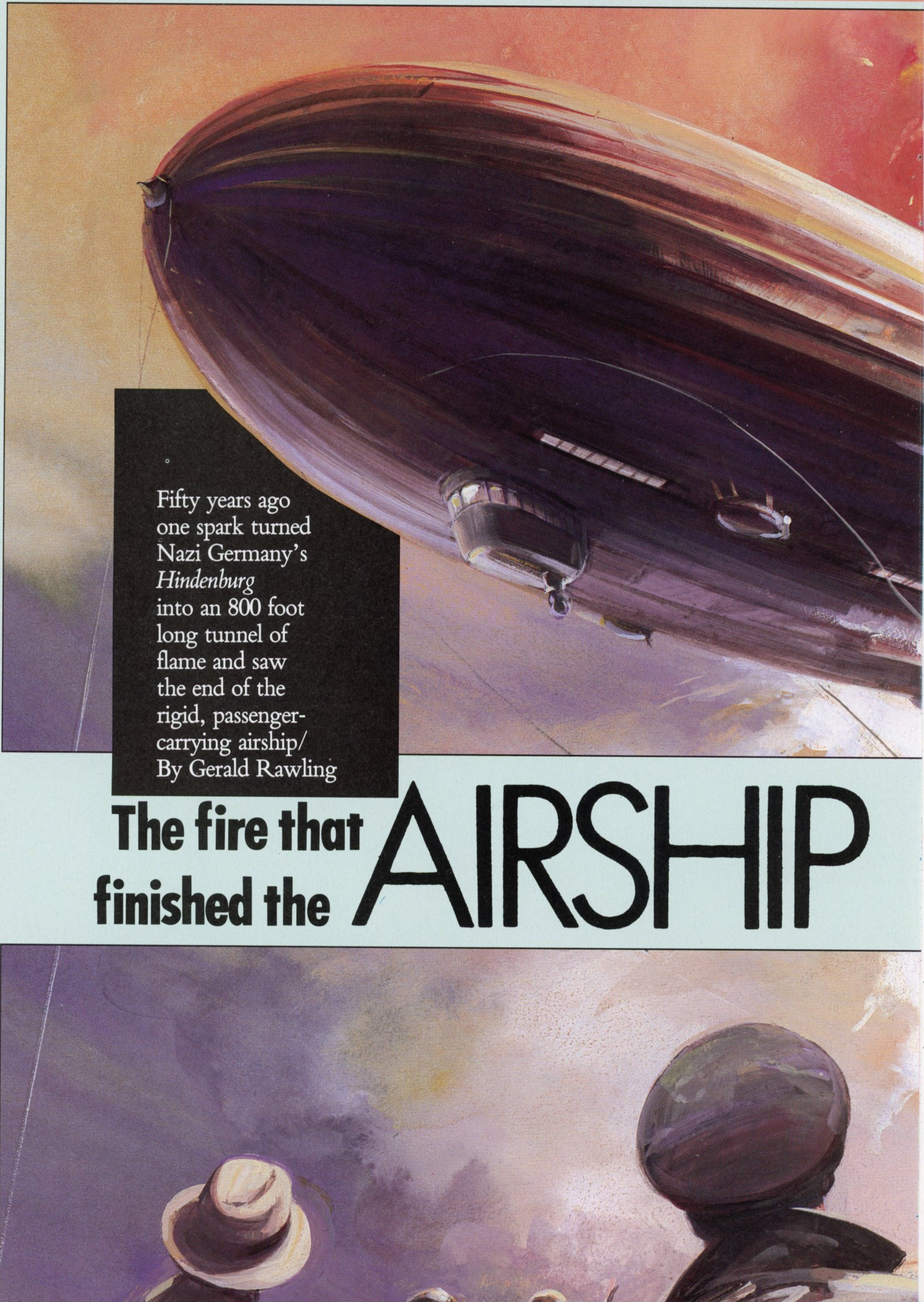
And to fill up all the other years you could fulfil some of your own dreams!

*TK, Zurich*

*Many thanks for your suggestions, TK. You've given us plenty to think about. Incidentally, how large are kettles in Switzerland?*

**We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.**

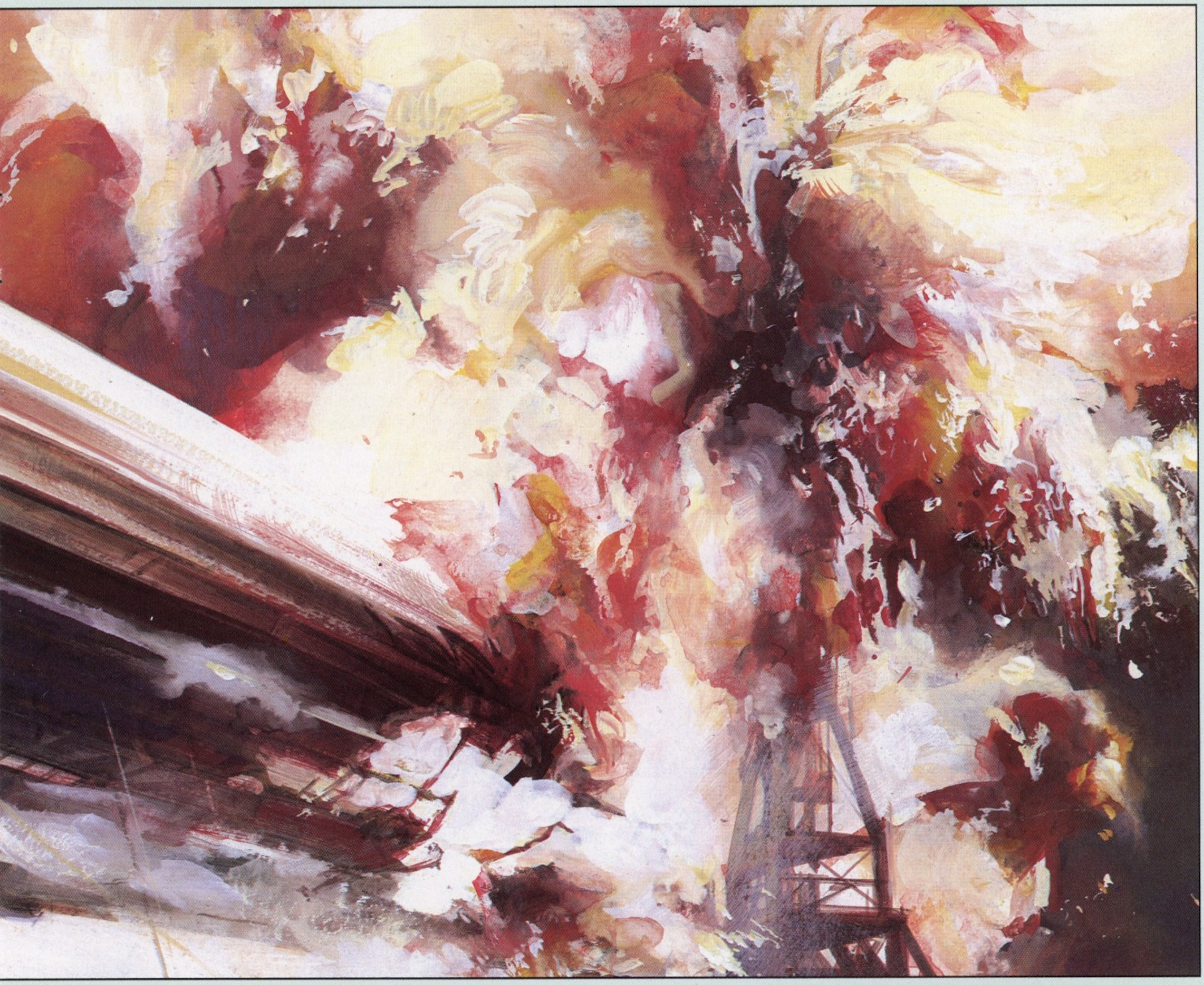

CAZ
IT'S THE SAME EVERY YEAR....
EXERCISING ALL WINTER, BUILDING THE MUSCLES.
SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S JUST TO LOOK GOOD IN SWIMMING TRUNKS.
BUT IT'S REALLY ALL ABOUT GETTING FIT ENOUGH TO...TO...
TO.....TO.....!!
TO WRESTLE A DECKCHAIR AND WIN!



# The fire that finished the AIRSHIP

Fifty years ago one spark turned Nazi Germany's *Hindenburg* into an 800 foot long tunnel of flame and saw the end of the rigid, passenger-carrying airship/

By Gerald Rawling



It was around noon on the morning of May 6, 1937 when the great airship came in from the Atlantic, and crossed the American coastline. Over the Boston Lightship she had come down to 500 feet, and as she appeared over the Custom House Tower, ships in Boston Harbour set up a cacophony of tooting and whistling to welcome her, for this was the *Hindenburg*, and while this was by no means her maiden flight to North America — in fact it was her tenth — her appearance invariably caused a sensation with traffic halting so that drivers and passengers could jump out and rubber-neck skywards.

Up in the giant ship there was no sound of engines as the passengers gazed out of the observation windows at the scene below — they could even hear as well as see angry dogs barking fearfully at them from suburban gardens and farmhouse backyards as they steered south for the last leg of the voyage. The passengers lunched early and quickly because they all wanted to be back at the windows when they passed over New York. One passenger above remarked that the skyscrapers looked like 'a board full of nails' with the Statue of Liberty resembling a tiny figurine. Here the airship which was described by the *New York Times* as looking like an ant moving beside an elephant. Then the ship passed over Brooklyn, putting a temporary stop to the baseball game at Ebbet's

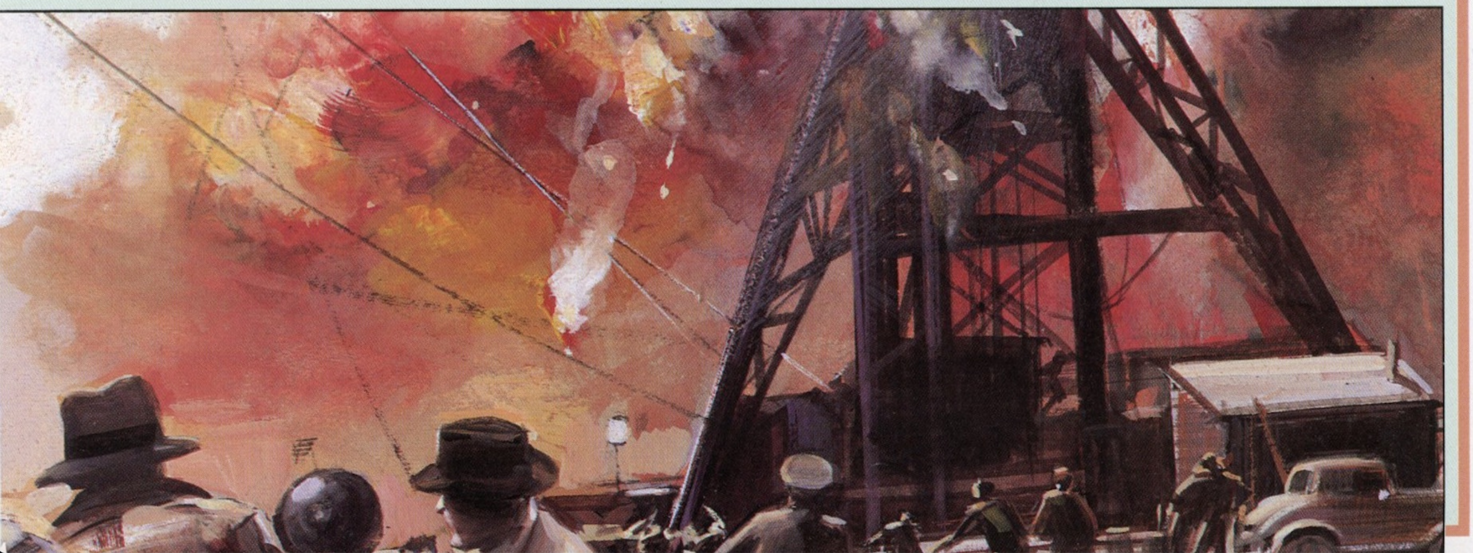
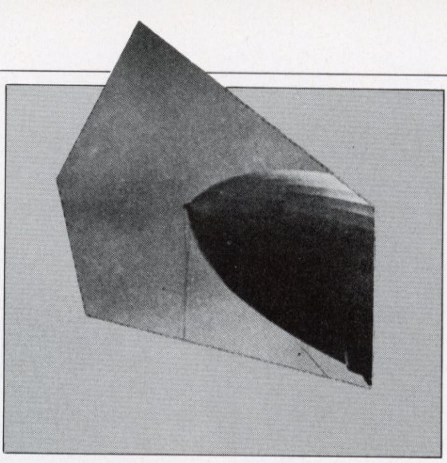


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



Field, where the Dodgers were playing the Pittsburgh Pirates, so that the fans could have a good gape. After that it was across the Hudson River to the Jersey shore, and by 4 pm they had reached their destination, the US Naval Airship Base in Lakehurst, New Jersey. They were ten hours late because of headwinds across the Atlantic. Their ETA (Estimated Time of Arrival) was scheduled for 6 am but they had missed it by a handsome margin, and now they would have to wait until 6 pm because, although the US Navy had a ground crew of 92 sailors, they needed a further 140 men who were local labour, recruited at $1.50 per hour, to assist in mooring the *Hindenburg* to her mast. There was no way that the US Navy would pay for those men hanging about all day if there was a delay, so it had to be 6 am or 6 pm by long-standing agreement between both parties.

*Hindenburg's* Captain, Max Pruss, decided to head towards Atlantic City to fill in time. In any case, meteorological reports of thunderstorms around the New Jersey area dictated hanging off for a bit, but by 6.22 pm Commander Rosendahl, who was in charge at Lakehurst, signalled Pruss to come on in. At 6.44 Pruss concurred by wireless, and turned for the field. He brought her in nicely, valving off hydrogen (to lower her altitude) as he approached the mooring mast. She seemed a bit tail heavy so he ordered an additional six off-watch crew members up in the nose to adjust the trim. A few yards off the mooring mast he stopped engines, and then gave the order for slow ahead on his forward two engines, and slow astern on the aft ones. Now, with a short burst on any of his engines, he could correct his position, and nose in to the cup at the tower head which was his anchoring point and where two US naval officers and four ratings would make him secure.

Up in the nose Chief Rigger Knorr was in charge. He ordered the for'ard heaving lines thrown out which would later be attached to steel hawsers for proper mooring. They landed on the sand below, and kicked up a cloud of dust while the 68-strong mooring party grabbed and held, connecting them up to capstans. Back aft under the gigantic tail fins the stern crew were trying to get their mooring lines out for the 46-strong anchoring crew below who would secure the stern to a railway car which had a 360° turning circle, thus enabling the moored ship to turn as necessary with every vagary in wind direction.

Hans Freund was in charge in the tail section, and was trying to get snagged mooring lines free to drop them to the waiting crew below when he looked up forty feet towards Gas Cells IV and V, and observed a blue-white flash on the front bulkhead of Gas Cell IV. An assistant, Helmut Lau, had observed the same phenomenon, and described the accompanying noise as a *frumpp*, 'as if a big gas kitchen range was being lit — not a sharp detonation'. They described the fire as yellow/orange at first which they watched in fascinated horror until there was a second report — this time an explosion and no doubt about it. This meant that the oxygen had got in to mix with the hydrogen to form an explosive mixture.

Flames now rose rapidly and broke out through the top of the ship. No sense in trying to drop mooring lines now; they knew instinctively that the stern was fast sinking to the ground. Further forward in the command gondola, Captain Pruss and the other watch-keeping officers felt a distinct lurch in the ship's momentum, and a red glow began to appear on the ground beneath them. Nobody there took long in working out what that meant, and the Captain gave the order to drop water ballast. But communications were already broken, and it was just as well for if the airship had lifted higher at that moment it is quite probably that no one would have survived at all. For the watchers on the ground including numerous friends and relatives who were waiting to meet passengers, the next few moments were horrific. From their viewpoint the disaster started with a tongue of flame appearing through the top surface of the ship, just foward of the swastika-marked tail fin. Within seconds the whole stern was ablaze, and sank to the ground, while the central axial walkway, which ran through the middle of the ship, turned into a tragically efficient funnel or draught flue, carrying the flames right through the ship within seconds until a bright orange tongue of fire broke out through the nose. Gradually, the flaming wreckage collapsed on the ground.

One of the viewers was radio broadcaster, Herb Morrison, describing the arrival for listeners to Station WLS in Chicago, and his words live on as a tragic milestone in broadcasting history — he was probably the first man to be recording live when an epic catastrophe was enacted in front of him. Until then everything had been going smoothly: 'Here it comes, ladies and gentlemen, and what a sight it is, a thrilling one, a marvellous sight . . . The sun is striking the windows of the observation deck on the westward side . . . sparkling like glittering jewels on the background of black velvet . . . Oh, oh, oh . .! It's burst into flames . . . get out of the way please, oh my, this is terrible, oh my, get out of the way please! It is burning, bursting into flames and is falling . . . Oh! This is one of the worst . . . Oh! It's a terrific sight . . . Oh! and all the humanity!'

The horrifying events at Lakehurst just 50 years ago marked the end, not just of the *Hindenburg,* but of the airship itself as a means of travel for fare-paying passengers and indeed as a military or naval weapon. The British had abandoned airships after the fatal crash of R 101 at Beauvais in France seven years earlier, and the Americans were like-minded following a series of disasters involving *Shenandoah, Akron* and *Macon,* all built for the US Navy. But the Germans with their LZ Company (Luftschiffbau Zeppelin) had had an enviable track record in the safe transport of passengers for decades. *Hindenburg's* immediate predecessor, for instance, the *Graf Zeppelin* had flown over a million miles, gone once round the world, had spent over 17,000 hours in the air, and carried 16,000 well-satisfied passengers to their destinations without mishap. *Hindenburg,* it was thought, would continue this fine tradition.

The company originated as early as 1900 when the Graf (Count) Ferdinand von Zeppelin retired at the age of 62 as a Lieutenant-General from a lifetime of military service, and turned to an entirely new career in the design and manufacture of dirigibles. This incredible character, known affectionately as 'the crazy old count', can only be described as the father of the airship, and if some of his earliest designs ended up in an

*turn to page 26*

*Hugo Eckener, creator of the* Hindenburg *looks down from its predecessor the airship* Graf Zeppelin

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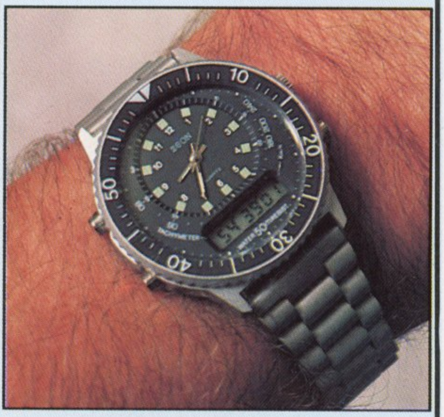

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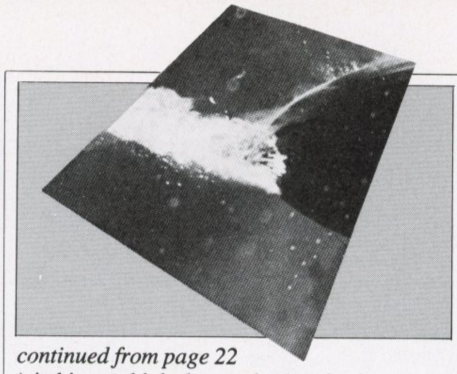

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'airshipwreck', he kept at the drawing board, and by 1914 passenger flights were a regular feature of the German scene. They had their military uses, too, and during the First World War Zeppelins embarked on bombing attacks over England. By 1936 the old Count's Zeppelins were carrying mail and passengers on regular scheduled flights to Rio de Janeiro and New York. By that time the crazy old count had died, but his company continued under the capable direction of Dr Hugo Eckener, a great airshipman whose crowning achievement to date had been LZ 127, christened the *Graf Zeppelin* in 1928. Her commercial success and faultless safety record urged Eckener to bigger things for the profitable North Atlantic run to New York, and in 1928 he began building LZ 128 which was to have nearly double the cubic capacity of the *Graf Zeppelin* (although only 30 feet longer).

Although previous Zeppelins had always been inflated with hydrogen, LZ 128 was designed to be inflated with helium which, although carrying less lifting power and much more expensive, was a great deal safer since, unlike hydrogen, it was not inflammable. A minor irritation was that the only available sources for helium at that time were in the USA where there were large deposits in Kansas, Texas and Colorado, but Dr Eckener assumed he could import the necessary supplies. Unfortunately, he had reckoned without the rise to power of the Nazi Party, and he encountered the first of several political setbacks.

By now suspicious of Germany's 'New Order', Congress placed an embargo on the export of helium on the grounds that it was now in the category of strategic war materials, and Eckener had to go back to the drawing board. Now redesignated LZ 129, *Hindenburg* progressed on the basis of the familiar hydrogen lift. When finished it was nonetheless the largest and most remarkable airship ever built. She was an incredible 803.8 feet long with a diameter of 153.5 feet, and she had four Daimler Benz 1,320 hp engines slung in pods below her hull. If the *Graf Zeppelin* had been enormous, *Hindenburg* was a leviathan. As one authority puts it (Len Deighton, no less), 'a giant Boeing 707 airliner could have been hidden under *Hindenburg's* tailplane'.

Her accommodation was on the scale of an ocean liner, certainly comparable in the terms of luxury and cuisine with *Queen Mary, Mauretania, Berengaria* and the rest — and without the problem of seasickness, which gratified many passengers. She had two passenger decks. 'A' Deck was the higher, and included the 33ft by 16ft dining room to seat 34 people. Beyond that was a reading and writing room and a spacious lounge. All the furniture was extremely lightweight, and aluminium or duralumin chairs and tables could be lifted with two fingers. The *pièce de résistance* was a dainty baby grand piano specially made from aluminium by Bluthner. Unfortunately no one has gone on record to remark whether the tone was affected. On each side of 'A' Deck was a 50 foot long promenade with enormous picture windows giving unsurpassed views onto the terrain below. At night, curtains could be drawn to shut out the interior lighting so that one could look out onto the eerie moonlit seascape (or landscape). And there was no noise or vibration as you would get in a ship. Aft on 'A' Deck were 25 single or twin-berth cabins, later augmented by a further nine on the lower 'B' Deck when it became clear that passenger accommodation to New York was much in demand. And on 'B' Deck were the crews' quarters and the passengers' smoking room, kept strictly isolated for obvious reasons, and where only one special lighter was allowed — matches, personal lighters and even camera flash blubs being confiscated, so stringent were the fire regulations. On 'B' Deck were also the toilets, showers (somewhat naturally rationed for water), and the all-electric galley which managed to produce *haute cuisine* meals and wines calculated to rival anything you could expect at the Savoy in London or Horchers in Berlin.

But poor Hugo Eckener was still not finished with political problems. Senior ministers in the new government, although uninterested in airships *per se*, were certainly interested in them as propaganda material. Herman Goering pumped money into the Zeppelin organisation through the state owned airline, Deutsch Luft Hansa, and he soon owned 50% of company share capital. Thus he could decree that *Hindenburg* should carry the swastika on its tail fins, a device which Eckener had to put up with despite his loathing of the new regime. Worse was to come from Dr Goebbels who wanted to christen the ship 'Adolf Hitler'. Eckener had taken her out, unnamed, on her maiden voyage, and arrived over Munich where the Mayor asked by radio what the ship's name was. Eckener answered promptly 'Hindenburg', the name of the great soldier patriot who had headed the Weimar Republic, and been thrown out by Hitler. Understandably, Goebbels was not satisfied with this, and called Dr Eckener in. 'We are the State now,' he said, 'we have put up the money for your ship... We are not only its laws, we are its achievements. We are Beethoven, we are Mozart, we are Schiller, and Kant and Wagner. And we are your airship.' Bravely enough, Eckener stood firm on the airship's name although he had to go along with political appearances for elections in the Rhineland along with the *Graf Zeppelin*, and both airships appeared over Nuremburg to add a little frisson to the opening day of the 1936 Olympic Games. But Eckener was now declared *persona non grata* by Dr Goebbels' Ministry, and no mention of his name appeared in any media reports of LZ 129, as it was now called in all German newspapers — the name Hindenburg was never used.

Despite these political drawbacks, *Hindenburg* embarked on her early transatlantic voyages with a minimum of fuss and bother. She was captained either by Eckener himself or Ernst Lehmann, the most experienced of Zeppelin Captains. The maiden voyage to New York in May, 1936 was a triumphant success. If Berlin showed little enthusiasm for her newest Zeppelin, the same could not be said of New Yorkers who gave her a rapturous welcome. That first outward journey took just 60 hours, and was crammed with celebrities — even the journalists who predominated were mostly titled — Count von Schwerin

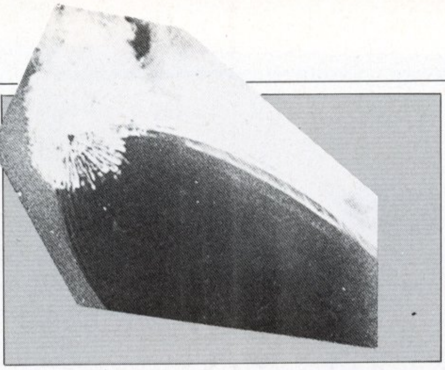
*turn to page 100*

*continued from page 26*

for the *Essener Zeitung*, Lady Grace Drummond Hay for the *New York Times*, and Countess von Waldeck for an unamed Berlin newspaper. Even the Bluthner baby grand was played by Professor Franz Wagner of Dresden, accompanying soprano, Lady Wilkins, wife of the distinguished explorer, Sir George Wilkins, a concert which was relayed by radio to New York and points west, while Father Paul Schulte, a Catholic priest, celebrated the first ever Mass in the air, after receiving permission from Pope Pius XI on the grounds that the ship was so steady that no sacrificial wine would be spilled.

Through the rest of 1936 she made eight more round trips, averaging 64 hours outward and 52 hours homeward. The cost to passengers was $400 single or $720 return — and you must think of $5 to the pound in 1936. But on May 3, 1937 she made her final (63rd) flight as the first of the summer season journeys to New York.

Sabotage rumours were rife in that year when Communist, Bolshevik or anarchist firebrands had caused trouble with bombs on German ships — and always in New York harbour rather than in Germany. New York police had been out in strength to cope with anti-Nazi demonstrations or German liners *Bremaen* and *Hamburg*, and so it was hardly surprising that security was tightened up in Frankfurt-am-Main which was *Hindenburg's* starting point. A large team of SD men (the intelligence branch of the SS) arrived to inspect not just passengers' luggage but the whole ship from stem to stern and truck to keel. Long-standing Zeppelin employees, who knew their power, escorted them round, snapping off the metal ends of shoe laces, confiscating cigarette lighters, matches and other fire risks from dazed SD men who really had no idea what they were looking for. And three Luftwaffe pilots were summoned to Berlin for an interview with an SS Major as they would be taking passage as 'observers'. All three pilots, Colonel Erdmann, Major Witt, and Lieutenant Hinkelheim were attached to Luftwaffe's Intelligence Service, and were presumably being sent along in mufti to get a pilot's view of what went on in airships. But they still had to suffer a lengthy talk with SS Sturmbannfuehrer Hufschmidt who gave them an exhaustive run down on the passenger list with appropriate highlighting for passengers regarded as security risks — Jews, intellectuals, communists and other 'undesirables'.



There were just 36 passengers, most of whom were German or American businessmen going about their lawful affairs, with a few wealthy tourists going home the comfortable way, like Miss Margaret Mather, elderly spinster and great-grand-daughter of the famous American preacher, Cotton Mather. For suspects, Hufschmidt could only point to Leonhardt and Gertrud Adelt, who were journalists, Catholics, intellectuals and personal friends of Stephan Zweig, the Austrian Jewish writer. He added on Edward Douglas, an American working for General Motors and regarded as an industrial spy, and a German born American travelling on a French passport, named Joseph Spah. Aged 35, he was an acrobat and comedian (with the stage name of Ben Dova!) and during his German tour had been seen consorting with an American striptease artist who was known to have anti-Nazi friends. Finally there was Moritz Feibusch, an American tuna fish broker from San Francisco who was included simply because he was a Jew.

The three Luftwaffe men flew back to Frankfurt in a somewhat puzzled frame of mind, and embarked for the final flight of the *Hindenburg*. She slipped her mooring mast at 8 pm on the evening of May 3, with a detachment of Nazi youth parading below, and a uniformed brass band playing the *Horst Wessel Song* followed by *Deutschland Uber Alles*. On this voyage, the first for 1937, she was captained by Max Pruss, but there was a massive back-up team of three other qualified Captains who served as watch-keeping officers, and Ernst Lehmann, probably most experienced of all Zeppelin Captains, was also aboard. A normal crew of 40 was increased to 61 by the addition of trainees who were being groomed for service in *Hindenburg's* sister ship, *Graf Zeppelin II*, which was under construction at Friederichshafen. *Hindenburg* drifted over Cologne where she completed a mail drop, then passed over the Netherlands, and across the

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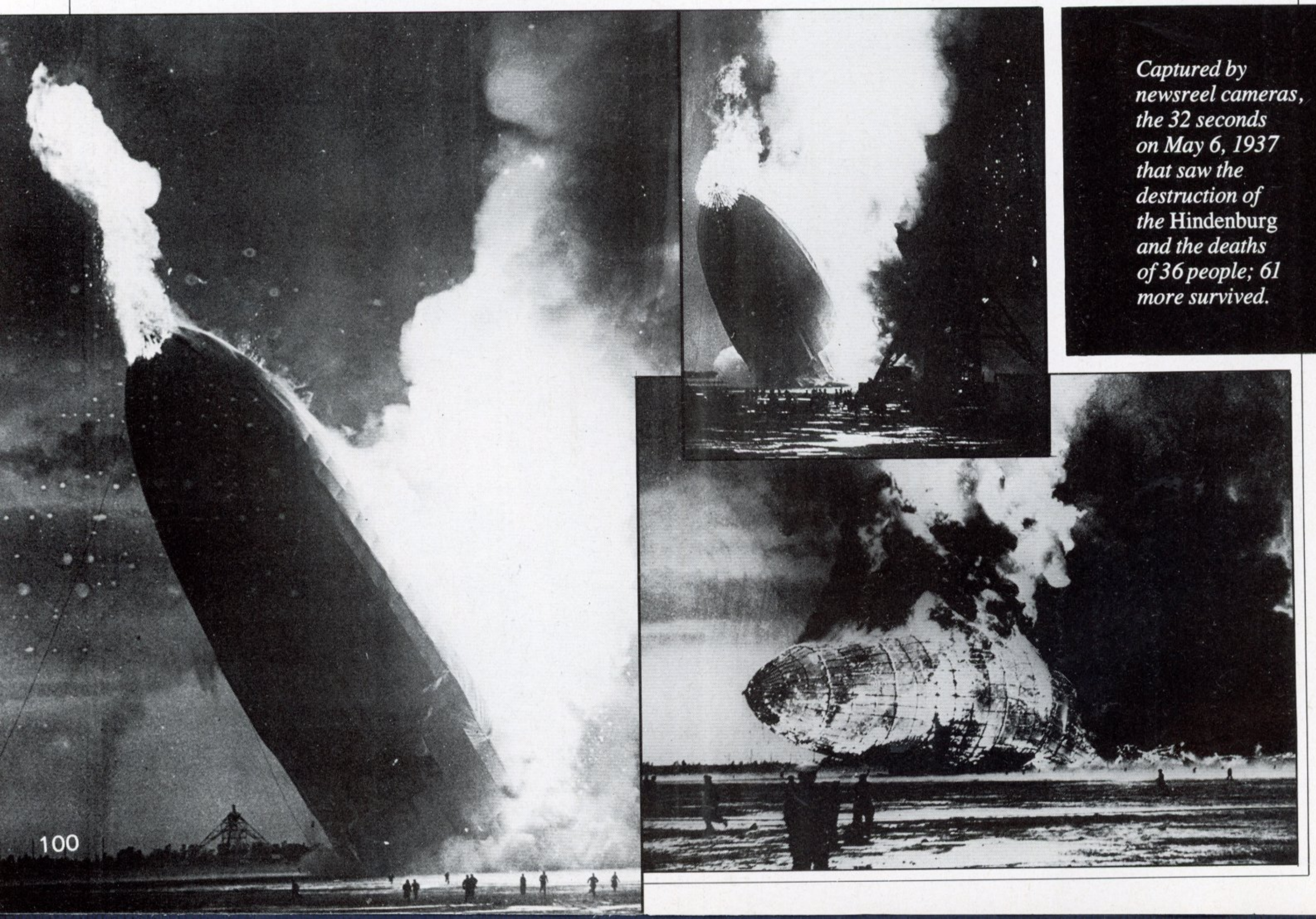

*Captured by newsreel cameras, the 32 seconds on May 6, 1937 that saw the destruction of the* Hindenburg *and the deaths of 36 people; 61 more survived.*

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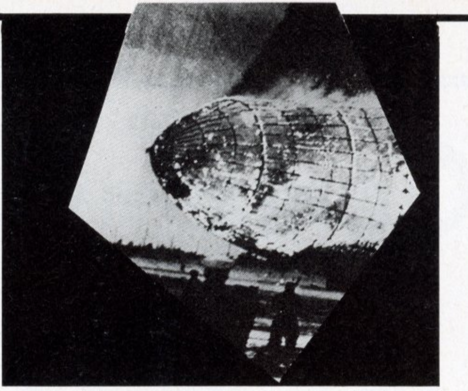

North Sea. Visibility was poor, and nothing was seen of the French or English coasts. Captain Pruss took the shortest and most northern route for Newfoundland, and came down low to give his passengers a view of the giant icebergs. He was buffeted by 50 mph headwinds, and consequently arrived at Lakehurst overdue.

Incredibly, despite a mere 40 second time lapse between ignition in Gas Cell IV and total immolation when the whole flaming carcase fell to the ground, only 13 passengers, 22 crewmen and one US Navy groundsman died. There were 61 survivors. Some escapes were remarkable. A 14-year-old cabin boy with his clothes on fire was saved by a water tank bursting over his head, swamping him free of the ship. Joseph Spah, the acrobat, bashed out a window on the observation deck with his movie camera which fell to earth 100 feet below, along with a man clinging to a rope who fell spread-eagled and bounced when he hit the sand. Spah dropped off at 40 feet, and lived to tell the tale, limping away from the scene to meet his waiting wife and children. Crew members like Chief Steward Kubis and his assistant, Nunnemacher, jumped for safety and then bravely went back to risk their lives in helping others. In this way two young boys, Walter and Werner Doehner, aged eight and six, jumped into the arms of crewmen who saved their lives, beating out the flames in their hair. Miss Margaret Mather survived along with the Adelts, although the husband, Leonhardt, had to tear away burning girders with his bare hands. Some who got out died of injuries (chiefly burns), and Ernst Lehmann was one who ended up that way. Max Pruss survived, but was so severely burned that he was unable to give evidence at the inevitable inquest.

The post mortem was conducted by the US Bureau of Commerce, and both Nazi and American government spokesmen shied away from the idea of sabotage, no doubt for political reasons. There was undoubtedly a body of opinion which opted for sabotage, including numerous crew members, particularly those in the tail section who had witnessed how the fire started. But they never pressed the issue, perhaps under political pressure themselves. The most reasonable aspect of the sabotage theory was that a bomb timed to go off at 7 pm would not have caused the loss of life which actually occurred if the ship had arrived punctually at 6 am. And one authority states that a Luger pistol with one shot discharged was found in the wreckage, suggesting an entirely different sabotage proposition. The inquiry found at the end of the investigations that the fire was caused by a discharge of static electricity, either by St Elmo's Fire, seen by one ground witness on the top surface of the ship just before the fire, or by wet manilla landing ropes hitting dry sand, and discharging static electricity which ignited a lethal compound of leaking hydrogen and oxygen in the area of Gas Cells IV and V. The leak could have been caused by a taut bracing wire snapping when *Hindenburg* did a tight turn on her approach, subsequently slicing through the fabric of the gas cell, releasing the deadly hydrogen. That was Dr Eckener's diagnosis, and he knew as much about Zeppelins as anyone living.

The disaster wrote *finis* to the airship in Germany. What remained of *Hindenburg* was trucked off to Perth Amboy, NJ and returned by sea to Germany where Goering used the burnt aluminium remnants as raw material for the construction of Heinkel III and Junkers 88 bombers. The superb *Graf Zeppelin* suffered the same fate, being broken up for spare parts and war materials, while LZ 130, the last of the Zeppelin family, christened *Graf Zeppelin II*, never flew commercially, and suffered the same fate in the end as more fodder for the Luftwaffe. Perhaps the strangest thing is that an extremely viable commercial operation which had been going on for decades was suddenly throttled by a single accident costing the lives of just 13 passengers and 22 crew. In fact, before the *Hindenburg* disaster, the Zeppelin Company had flow nearly 1½ million miles, and carried 29,000 passengers safely to their destinations over more than twenty years. One wonders how many present day airlines could boast such a record. But the indisputable fact remains that with the death of the *Hindenburg* the era of the rigid airship had come to an end.

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M228

Motoring with William Boddy

Despite its exotic name, the Swallow Doretti was an all-British sports car based on the popular Triumph TR2. Yet it lasted under two years. Why?

# The Swallow DORETTI -it sounded Italian it came from Walsall

Photographed by
Andrew Morland

The short-lived Swallow Doretti was an attempt to gild refined automotive gold which did not succeed. The 'gold' was provided by the cheap, cheerful and popular Triumph TR sports-car, and the gilding was done by the formidable Tube Investments Company. It was not the first time an industrial organisation outside the motor industry had tried to get on the motoring bandwagon. In the case of the handsome sports Doretti, it didn't last long.

There was a good market for the Triumph TR2, which was a rugged, exciting rival to the well-established MG sports cars, when it was

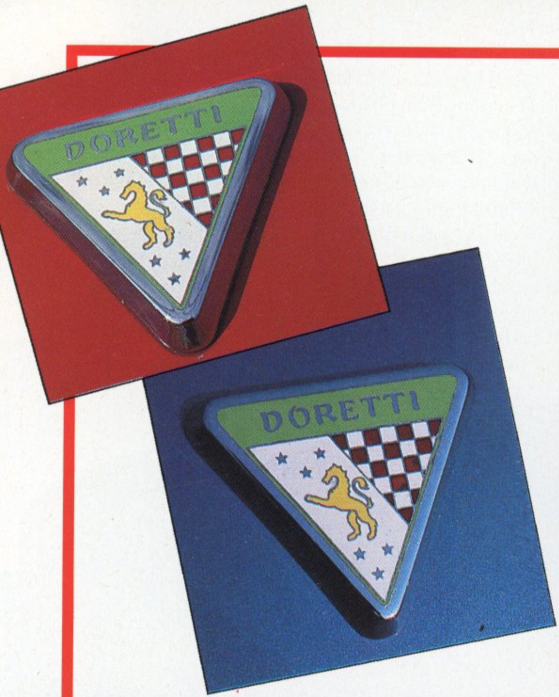
*The short-lived Swallow Doretti was introduced in 1954 based on the popular Triumph TR2. Right and top: A two-litre model. Below it: A white Doretti racer. Left: A fine Doretti perfectly restored by Marksdane's Classic Cars of Somerset.*

introduced in 1953. It also looked a good base for the proposed entry into the world of cars by the Tube Investment people, especially as the mercurial Sir John Black was willing at the time to supply engines and other components that went into his TR2 to outside interests. Nor was bodywork for the up-market new car a problem. Tube Investments had a link at this period with the old Swallow coachbuilding firm, having acquired it after its many changes of ownership since it started as (Sir) William Lyons' sidecar making company. Lyons had used his great flair for styling and pricing to develop this little Blackpool company into making distinctive bodywork for popular cars like Austin Sevens, Standards and the smaller Fiats. But when his great SS and Jaguar empire grew in 1950, it was disposed of.

It re-emerged as the source of bodywork for this new Doretti in 1954, from a base at Walsall Airport in Staffordshire. It immediately evolved a very smart body for the new sports job, which must have caused some concern within the Triumph styling office, because that make also was trying to woo customers with good-looking cars. Remember, for instance, the Triumph Dolomite Roadsters and those razor-edge Triumph saloons in the post-war period.

As it was a part of the Tube Investments Group, the new Swallow Doretti naturally had a tubular chassis frame — those were the days when real motor cars had a chassis separate from their bodywork. In this it was more advanced than the

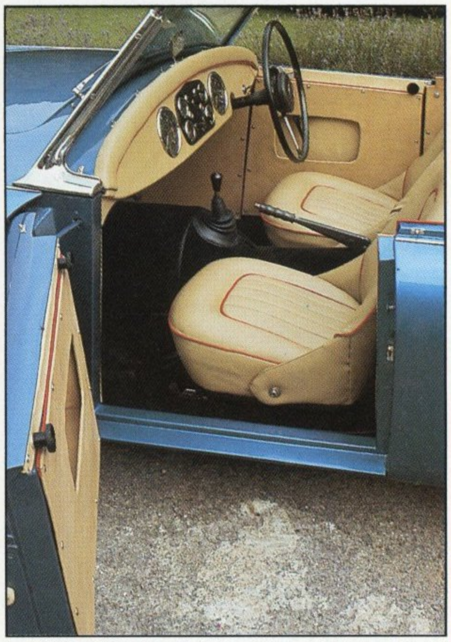
CLARET & CLASSICS
707


DORETTI
DORETTI

223 OTC
VEH 266

LDN 500

*Large picture left, top centre, above and right: Views of the Marksdane Doretti including its far from frugal interior. Top left: Next to the Doretti badges, two excellent examples on show. Centre bottom: A white Doretti built from spares left over when the Doretti factory closed less than two years after production started.*



Triumph TR2, with a frame in the old tradition of pressed steel side and cross-members, even though it did have these boxed-in, and used a cruciform bracing. The rest of this Swallow Doretti was very much TR2, as the Triumph company supplied not only the front-mounted four-cylinder 83 x 92 mm (1,991 cc) 90 bhp engine but the four-speed manual-change gearbox, the axles, and the springing as well. The back axle was rigid, as all-independent suspension was unusual in those times, and front suspension was by wishbones and coil springs to give independence to the steered wheels. The engine, which pushed out its top power at a modest 4,500 rpm and gave maximum torque of 117lb ft at 3,000 rpm, was set further back in the frame than in the TR2 to enhance handling.

Drum brakes sufficed for such sports machinery in the 1950s, and the Doretti chassis had cam-and-roller steering gear, half-elliptic back leaf springs, and a hypoid-bevel final-drive. It measured 13 feet in length, was four feet high, and weighed 2,155 lbs before the passengers and fuel went in. On paper, it was a serious rival to the first of the long line of Triumph TR sports models that were to emanate from Coventry. The short production run of the Swallow Doretti,

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under two years, indicates that there were snags, however. The car was an eye-catcher certainly, with its sleek all-enveloping body. It held the road at least as well as the rather lively and exacting Triumph TR2. It could be wound up to not far short of the ever-magic 'ton', and its ability to accelerate from a standstill to 60 mph in under 13½ seconds was perfectly satisfactory for those days, although in both respects the TR2 beat it. The Swallow Doretti was more cramped than even the TR2 however, and although a sports two-seater was primarily for a boy, a girl, and a communal toothbrush, a degree of comfort and decent leg and elbow room would not have gone amiss.

**Two other factors loaded the odds against the Doretti. The first was its relatively high price. It cost 30 per cent more than a TR2, at £1,108. The other was that the Triumph Motor Company could make more TR2s, spend more on publicity, advertising and rallying, and it had a bigger service link-up. So after a year or so the Doretti was no more, in new car terms, because although a group the size of Tube Investments could weather the losses Doretti made, no industrial giant likes them. So for them it was good-bye to motor cars! The ironical thing is that, if you have a Swallow Doretti today, it will be worth much more than its price when brand new, even allowing for inflation.**

I drove a couple of Swallow Dorettis back in 1954 and found them quite acceptable. The engine was the twin-carburettor, high-compression Vanguard power-unit also used by Morgan for their Plus Four. The Swallow's transmission incorporated an overdrive, which raised the normal top-gear ratio of 3.7 to 1, to 3.03 to 1, for effortless cruising. The car's finish and decor were quite good, for this was no bleak 'boy-racer' auto, as a hood and perspex side-screens were provided.

Yet the drawbacks were there; driver's right elbow close to his door, a vast gearbox cover and the wide propeller-shaft tunnel isolating you from any girl you might have persuaded to ride in your Doretti. The pedals were none too well contrived, the lack of leg room meant you sat too close to the Swallow's steering wheel, the hydraulic clutch-operation had too long a travel on the pedal, and the rim of the steering wheel was slippery. There was no clock to speed the passing miles and the fuel gauge never really told you when running out of petrol was imminent. In Welsh rain, water came in under the windscreen and also filled the door pockets, and the handling was suspect on fast bends.

The Dorettis I tried were a grey and red one and a black and green model, and the petrol thirst worked out at just better than 27 mpg. I drove to Wales from Hampshire, up to Aintree, where in those days they had motor races as well as the Grand National, and to the Sussex coast from London. The petrol tank allowed for nearly 340 miles' driving before running dry.

Yes, there had been faults with the car, but many of these would have been considered perfectly acceptable 30 years ago. Where the Doretti failed was in its promotion, price and production. There had even been attempts to sell it in the US — the name Doretti deriving from the daughter of an American distributor. Perhaps if they had cracked that lucrative market, things might have been different. Instead, the Doretti story is a short one. A pity, because the examples that exist today are fine indeed.

Mayfair UK Vol 22 No 08 (1987)

When the big-breasted girl from Limuru offered sex for a ride on Kimatu's ancient bus, he thought his luck had changed. But fate, in the form of a burst tyre, was about to intervene

Fiction by James Hill

# WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

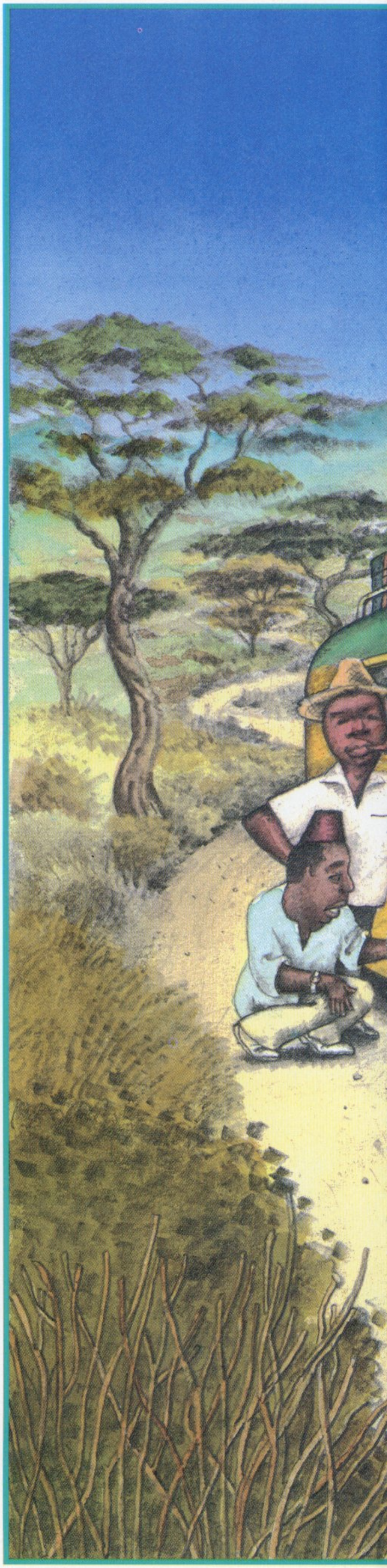
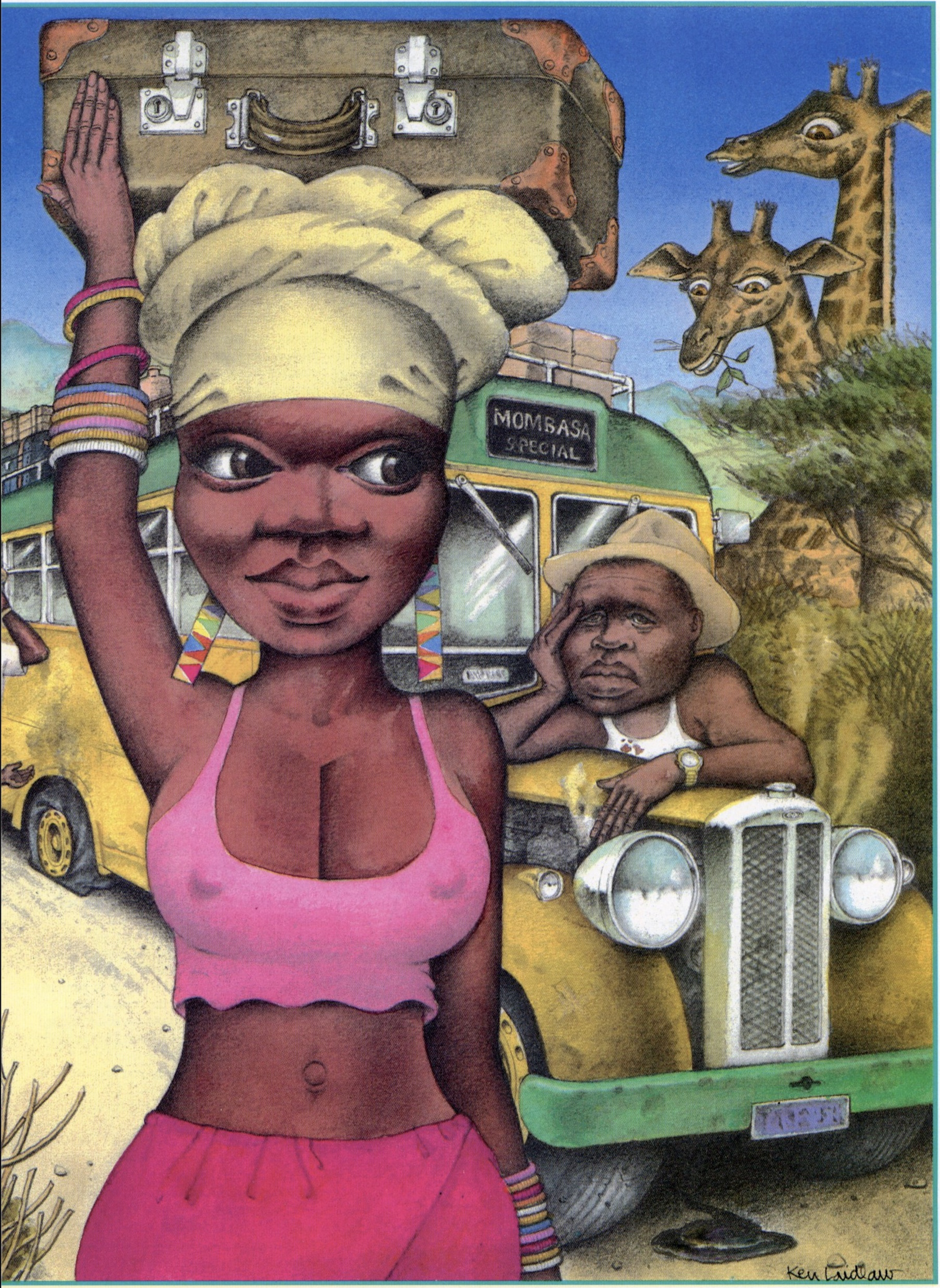


ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

The coachwork of the bus had lost the lustre of its original paint during decades of use, but the sandblasting of the dusty roads had given the fading colours a semi-matt finish, which dignified it with the same appeal as that of a well-worn, but cherished, old boot. Any solo complaint from the joints, bearing or synapses of the deranged suspension was now irrelevant, absorbed in the orchestration by all other moving parts, including the engine, which now syncopated in a style only mistily reminiscent of Otto's Cycle. Its exhaust spread black smoke over the wheel tracks, as though it were engaged in low-level crop spraying, but it did so only when its irascibility was moderated to tolerate mechanical functioning. When the smoke stopped, the bus did also.

When Kimatu heaved the wheel over, the steering responded wearily, reluctantly, and in its own, good time, so that it was vital to act well ahead of any major curve in the road. He had long abandoned his recitals of invective against the machinery and its owner, Gupta K Patel, whose parsimony was such that he forbade the use of a screw where a piece of twisted wire coat-hanger would suffice to make a repair. The coat-hanger, which expatriates so loftily and carelessly abandoned, was versatile in its secondary applications to the extent that it had now founded an alternative technology with its own artisans, innovators and entrepreneurs. Submitting to the inevitable, Kimatu was now resigned to conducting a low-spoken dialogue with the bus's moving parts. If the grumbled responses maintained a cacophonous plainsong, he was persuaded that they would hold together for another few miles.

Every seat was occupied by a fare-paying


MOMBASA
SPECIAL
Ken Laidlaw

# WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

passenger, with the exception of the girl from Limuru. She was also, in a sense, a paying passenger, but her dues would not find their way to Patel. Her transportation had been arranged as the result of a contract between herself and Kimatu, drawn up on the basis of her own proposition. Kimatu, seeing her in the driving mirror, her suitcase across her thighs and her heavy, enticing breasts pressed against it, was momentarily excited by the prospect of a passionate night in a cubicle at Mombasa shared with her, and tortured immediately by doubts that such tenuous, verbal contracts were frequently suspended or ignored. Beyond her succulent form, four passengers in the rear seat were experiencing the weightlessness normally reserved for astronauts, as the rear axle bounced them in the air over subtly sequenced potholes.

Passengers dozed, ate, drank, sweated, pacified restless children, suckled babies and suffered the dust, heat, fumes and hard seats in stoical apathy.

Kimatu's foot on the pedal pressed it to the floor and maintained a steady 60 mph, at which speed the individual bumps over miniature craters became a steady, heavy vibration. It was at this speed that the rear, offside tyre burst with a report which was enough to startle a couple of nearby giraffes, who would otherwise have ignored the noisy passing of the bus as a familiar phenomenon.

The wheel was wrenched from Kimatu's hands, and he grabbed for it blindly, his eyes shut against the vortex of flashing light as the bus spun and snaked out of control. The passengers screamed as they and their belongings were hurled about. A papaya trickled out of the melée like a ball from a rugby scrum and rolled under Kimatu's feet. He felt the motion slacken and braced himself for an impact but it did not come.

Miraculously, the bus had slewed to a halt half on the crumbling shoulder of the road. Kimatu slid out of his seat and went to inspect the damage. There was something catastrophically final about the puncture. The shredded rubber writhed about the rim like a newly hatched brood of serpents, smoking in the heat of a demoniac parturition. Passengers stuck their heads from the windows to appraise the situation, and then went back to sorting out the confusion and leaving the solution of their predicament to the driver. The one European passenger who Kimatu had taken for a Catholic priest in mufti, descended, looked at the smouldering ruin of the tyre, grunted, crossed himself and celebrated his deliverance by taking a pull from a whisky bottle.

Kimatu wiped his sweating hands on his trousers, and opened up the hatch where the spare wheel was housed. He found no spare, no jack: only a spider wrench and a rusted coat hanger. He cursed Patel. He cursed the mechanics who had supplemented their fee for the last repair by commandeering the spare and the jack. He kicked the wheel and blasphemed helplessly. The engine was susceptible to resurrection from exploratory thumps with a hammer, optimistic wrenching at loose wires or ligatures from coat-hanger wire. A burst tyre was a totally different tin of worms.

Kimatu tore a few branches from a thorn bush and spread them in the road some yards from the rear of the bus, the customary method of warning approaching vehicles of a breakdown. The watching giraffes chewed meditatively and then stilted away with cold indifference.

Some of the passengers got out and assembled in tribal groupings in the sparse shade of the wayside bush, forming a small refugee camp, prepared to await their deliverance which they considered to be the sole responsibility of the driver. One of them who had inspected the tyre informed Kimatu that its ruin was so complete that it had no scrap value for the manufacture of primitive footwear, for which he might otherwise have been prepared to make a small financial offer.

Many trucks passed by without slowing down, ignoring Kimatu's waving arms. A convoy of Range Rovers taking tourists southwards to be inspected by the animals of the game parks slowed only sufficiently for the occupants to take photographs.

Kimatu computed that Voi was some twenty five kilometres along the road. Even if it were possible to reach there, it was unlikely that assistance could be obtained; the garages would require immediate payment. If he made a phone call to Patel he would be informed that the tyres of the bus had years of life left in them and that a burst was therefore the result of his careless driving. The north-bound bus of the Patel fleet would leave Mombasa in the evening, and it would be many hours before it could make a rendezvous, even supposing that it possessed a spare wheel itself.

'What are you going to do?' the European asked.

'I don't know,' Kimatu replied. 'Perhaps you have some suggestions.'

'I recall,' the man said, 'that if you had a puncture with a bicycle tyre, you could stuff it with grass to get you a few miles for help. This one looks a bit too far gone for that.'

He shook his head sadly and took another pull from the bottle. Before putting it away, he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and handed it to Kimatu.

'It doesn't help,' he remarked. 'Except to fortify temporarily against adversity.'

Kimatu took a swig gratefully.

'There's always prayer,' the man continued. 'I was once sure of its efficacy but experience has caused me to doubt. *In extremis* it could be tried.'

'Thank you,' Kimatu said politely, more for the whisky than for the counsel.

The girl from Limuru approached him sinuously, and the smile on her smooth, round features was mocking.

'So much for our contract,' she said. 'I was foolish to trust my body and soul to such a dilapidated machine, which cannot fulfil its obligations. No doubt the driver is similarly incapable and I consider the contract void.'

Kimatu felt that his manhood was being insulted.

'This is not the end of the journey,' he said. 'The contract will be honoured — in full.'

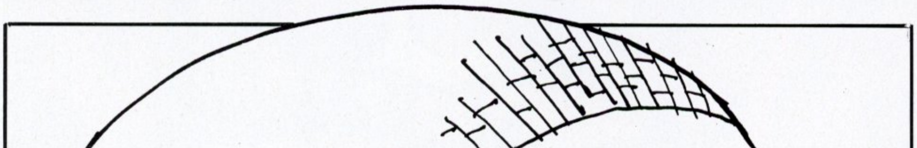
She laughed. 'And how do you propose to do that?'

'I shall think of something,' Kimatu said without conviction.

'While you're thinking, I shall be doing something. In a crisis a woman has always to fend for herself. See you around — perhaps.'

She lifted her suitcase, balanced it on her head, and then strode away majestically. Kimatu watched her go and felt his stomach turn to water with humiliation and frustration. He hurled abuse at her retreating figure, and she responded with

*turn to page 78*



*'I have to admit, my finger is no longer on the pulse.'*

# WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

*continued from page 50*

a laugh which showed her flashing white teeth, and signalled him a very rude gesture with her fingers.

He stood motionless, watching her delectable form become smaller in the distance and attenuated in the mirage from the heat of the road. A pick-up truck flashed by, narrowly missing him, and he swore at the driver. He swore more acrimoniously when he saw it stop further along the road and the girl get into it.

Angrily he turned to shout at the passengers, informing them that if they were ever to reach their destination they should be prepared to contribute some effort towards it. It took threats, shoves and kicks to organise a team to grasp the rear of the chassis and heave it up whilst he crawled, with trepidation, underneath the bus and propped a large rock under the rear axle. Eventually they managed it and the burst tyre was raised a couple of inches from the road surface. Not that this achieved much, Kimatu considered, but it was the only positive move he could think of, and it helped to dissipate some of his anger against fate and the passengers.

He sought the assistance of the European, telling him that he was going to walk to Voi. In his absence, could something be done to prevent the passengers from stripping off any of the vulnerable parts of the bus and disappearing with them?

He wrote the size of the tyre on the back of a cigarette packet, and set off down the road. The fierce heat of the day increased his depression. It was no wonder, he thought, that the son of God in the Malagasy legend who, when sent alone from heaven to find out if human life was possible on Earth, had found that it was far too hot and had dug his way into an anthill and vanished forever. That one had had sense.

The constant traffic of trucks and speeding cars, heedless of his gestures, increased his despondency. The hyena of ill fortune had always been snapping at his heels. Thus occupied, it had no time to give its attention to others, like Gupta K Patel and the drivers of modern, roadworthy buses. Mankind was divided into two classes: those for whom everything went right, and who were never cursed with bad luck, and those, like himself, for whom nothing ever went right, and whose destiny seemed to be tenuously held together by twisted coat-hangers.

He marched on mechanically. About a mile ahead of him a pick-up truck had been parked in a layby used by the road repairing gangs, when they made their infrequent appearances. As he drew nearer he realised that it was the same truck, which had narrowly missed him, and which had picked up the girl from Limuru.

*'It's half price if you're the wham-bang-thank-you-Ma'am type.'*

He approached it stealthily and slowly. It appeared to be deserted but, as he sidled to the rear of the cab, certain sounds from within it told him that it was occupied. It was apparent that another contract for transportation had been drawn up, but that the driver of the pick-up was astute enough to have succeeded in having his part of the agreement honoured in advance. Heavy breathing and ecstatic sighs made Kimatu quiver with indignation, but he refrained from disclosing his presence. He slipped silently back to the rear of the truck, and examined the wheels. Consulting the cigarette packet, he found that they were the same size as those of the bus.

In a compartment under the tail-gate there was a spare wheel. Moving very cautiously, Kimatu established that it was not fixed by a screw or a clip and, with great care, he slid it out, and rolled it quietly underneath the truck, and then crawled beside it.

In the shade he was able to rest from his exertions and smoke a cigarette. The low sounds from the cab continued for some minutes, reached a climax and then subsided. Then he heard voices, though he was unable to make out what was being said.

Eventually the engine was started, and exhaust fumes made Kimatu cough, as the truck pulled away, and he was left lying in the full glare of the sun again. He lay still until the truck had passed out of sight round a bend before he got up, flicked dust from his clothing, and then set off in the direction from which he had come, trundling the wheel with him.

He did not explain to anyone how he had obtained the spare. By sheer good luck the wheel fitted the screws of the bus, and he soon had it fixed in position, the passengers being once more bullied into manhandling the axle off the supporting rock. Kimatu risked a smile of satisfaction when the engine fired into life. He engaged gear and pulled away.

He was elated by the way in which justice had been done. Because he could not honestly ascribe much of the credit for this to his own efforts, he felt that perhaps, at last, he was into a winning streak, however small it might be. He spoke kindly to the bus, and lapsed into a feeling of cautious euphoria. He resolved that the wheel taken from the bus, with its ruined tyre, was his to sell for a few shillings in Mombasa. It was good to have the chance of profit at the expense of Gupta K Patel.

Some of the passengers left the bus at Voi, and others got in. Kimatu had time to refresh himself with a cold beer. He began to feel cheerful, except when he thought about the girl from Limuru.

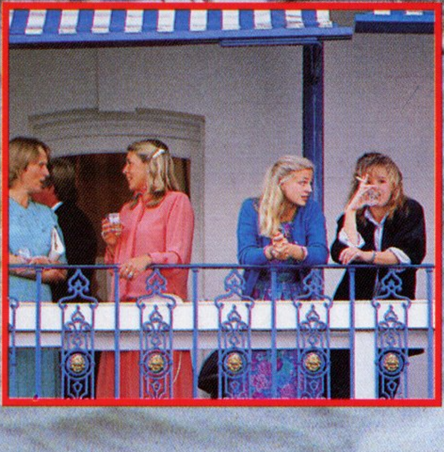
About ten kilometres south of Voi, he saw thorn bush branches spread in the road, and then he saw the pick-up truck. He slowed down to a crawl, seeing the flat, front tyre, and the driver with the girl waving frantically at him. Then he pressed his foot hard down on the pedal, and the engine responded valiantly with acceleration, and a particularly heavy eructation of black smoke. Kimatu waved to them both ironically as he sped by, and had time to return her rude gesture.

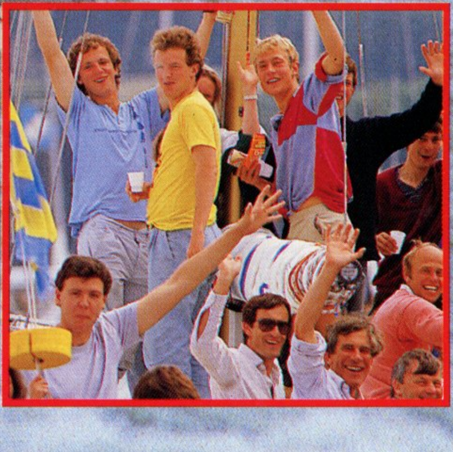
Then, reckless of the vengeance of the hyena and the faceless gods of destiny, he laughed.

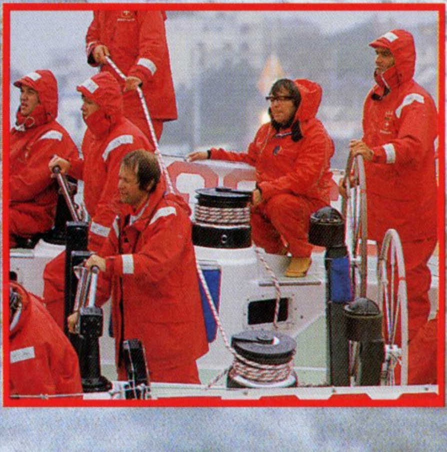
It was the yachting regatta where King Edward VII went sailing with his grocer, and the Kaiser rubbed shoulders with the King of Spain. Today Cowes is still the mecca of the yachting elite

# SACRED COWES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARK CATOR

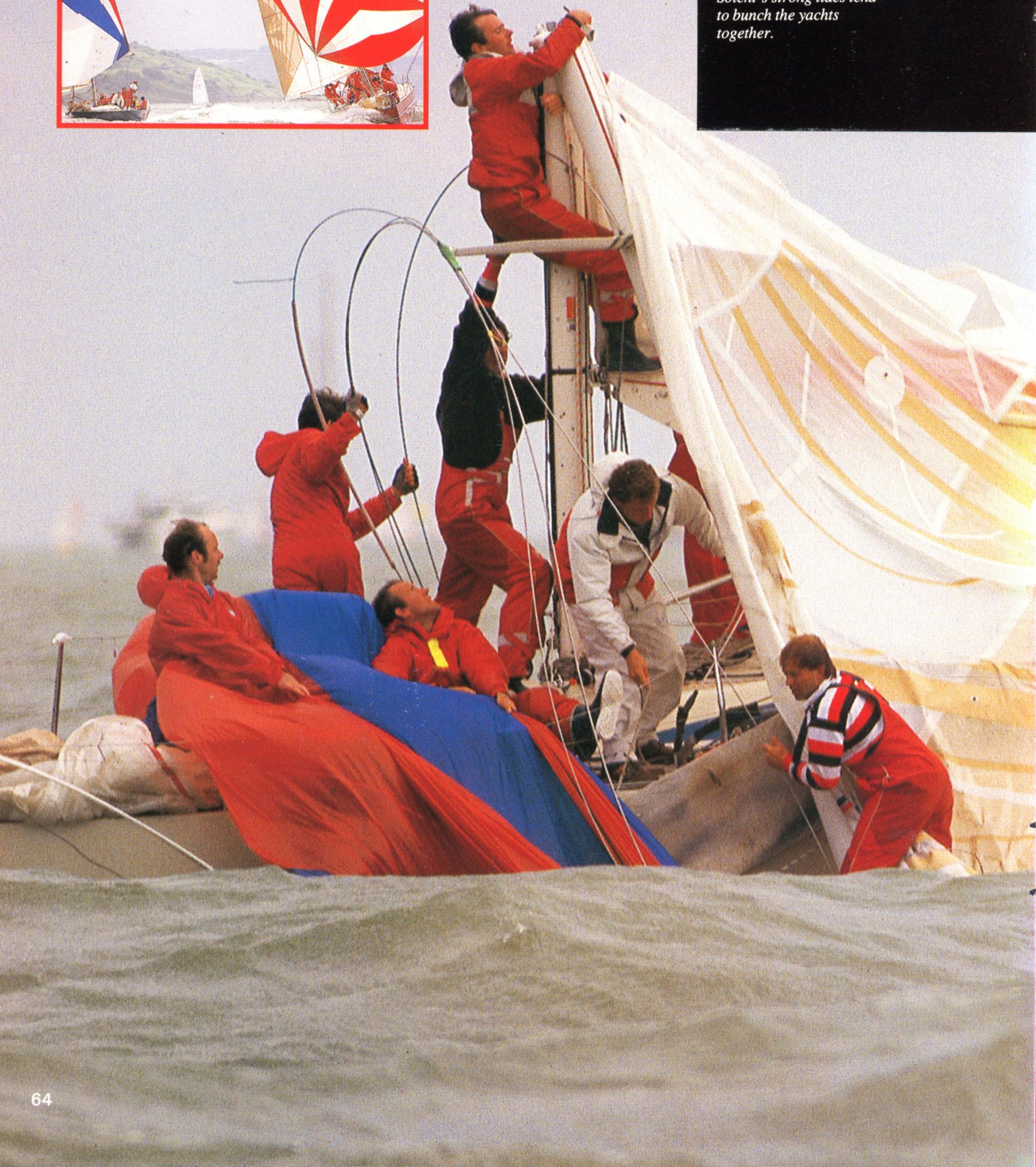






DRUM
ENGLAND
R.O.R.C.

*Main picture: a hectic moment aboard the Maxi class racer* Drum *then owned by pop star Simon Le Bon. Below, left to right: drinks at an exclusive yacht club; next: a typical Cowes crowd; next: rain brings out the oil skins. Immediate left: Prince Philip skippering the Class I* Yeoman XXVI.



*Main picture:* Unbearable *loses its mast half a mile from the finishing line. Left: running before the wind. Far right: high seas surround Sir Owen Aisher's* Yeoman XXVI. *Immediate right: jostling for a breakthrough. When the wind drops, the Solent's strong tides tend to bunch the yachts together.*

It's Britain's premier yachting event, a mad 'week' — actually ten days — at the beginning of every August when the sleepy Victorian town of Cowes, Isle of Wight, becomes the mecca for this country's yachting elite. Hundreds of craft, ranging in size from only 16 feet to over 100 feet long, throng the tide-riven waters of the Solent, waiting for the cannon shot from the ramparts of Norris Castle — home of the Royal Yacht Squadron — which marks the start of each race. The prizes they race for will hardly cover their costs. But love rather than money motivates the sailors of Cowes.

They come for a uniquely British institution: an occasion that is a curious mixture of snobbery and extreme skill, deference and democracy, where the likes of Prince Philip — a regular participant — and pop star millionaires rub shoulders with weekend sailors and 'boat niggers', young men who live by hiring out their crewing skills, following the yachts from regatta to regatta, country to country.

Excellence and elitism have gone hand in hand at Cowes since the aristocracy went yachting there in the late 18th century. Most of the races then involved large cutters and schooners, and took place between only two craft, often for very substantial wagers. In 1830 a brig and schooner raced 224 miles to the Eddystone Lighthouse and back for a bet of £50,000. Such activities had led to the formation of the Yacht Club in 1815, later to become the Royal Yacht Squadron, now yachting's most exclusive club (membership is strictly by invitation and its fees are a closely guarded secret; non-members are only permitted to enter one room of 'the Castle', known as 'the

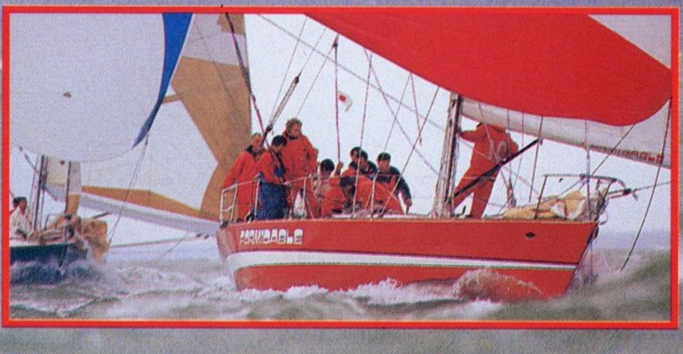
Platform', and other areas of the club premises are still forbidden to women.)

But Cowes had not been chosen at random. Its position, bordering a broad, sheltered harbour in the estuary of the River Medina, offered an ideal approach to the Solent. There, the fast tidal stream, punctuated by shifting sandbanks and unpredictable currents — not to mention a highly varied climate — provided a worthy challenge for the seasoned yachtsman.

It was Queen Victoria, however, who set the seal on Cowes yachting and put it firmly on the social calendar. Though no sailing enthusiast, she had a particular fondness for the place, and royal approval brooked little argument. By the first decade of this century Cowes had acquired international appeal. It was the event where the King of England 'went boating with his grocer' (actually Sir Thomas Lipton); the Kaiser and the King of Spain attended, along with leading industrialists, like Krupp of Germany; and yachts came to compete from France, Italy, Holland, Scandinavia and America.

Two world wars put an end to that golden age, but in 1957 a fresh attempt was made to enlarge the scope of Cowes. A new championship, dubbed the Admiral's Cup, was instituted. Great Britain and America were each to provide three yachts which would challenge each other in a series of events, including two races within Cowes Week, a 220 mile Channel Race and the 605 mile Fastnet Race. The biannual championship was an immediate success and the competing teams agreed to open it to all-comers. By 1979 19 nations were providing teams.

Today the America Cup contestants are members of the world's yachting elite. The craft they race may be made of exotic materials like carbon fibre and epoxy resin, they may employ satellite navigation systems and on-board performance computers, but they embody the spirit of Cowes' Edwardian heyday.



*Main picture: a Class I racing yacht leans precariously in a Solent gale. Immediate right: its spinnaker sail overfilled, a yacht slews into a high wind, losing vital moments in a race. Below: the start of the famous Fastnet Race. Next, and bottom, left and right: racing in the Solent.*

Getting a girl pregnant is something most of us try to avoid. But what if your wife actually wants a baby? Believe me, it's not all that easy!

# Get me to the bed on time: look out when your wife has the hots for tots

### Humour by Paul Christopher

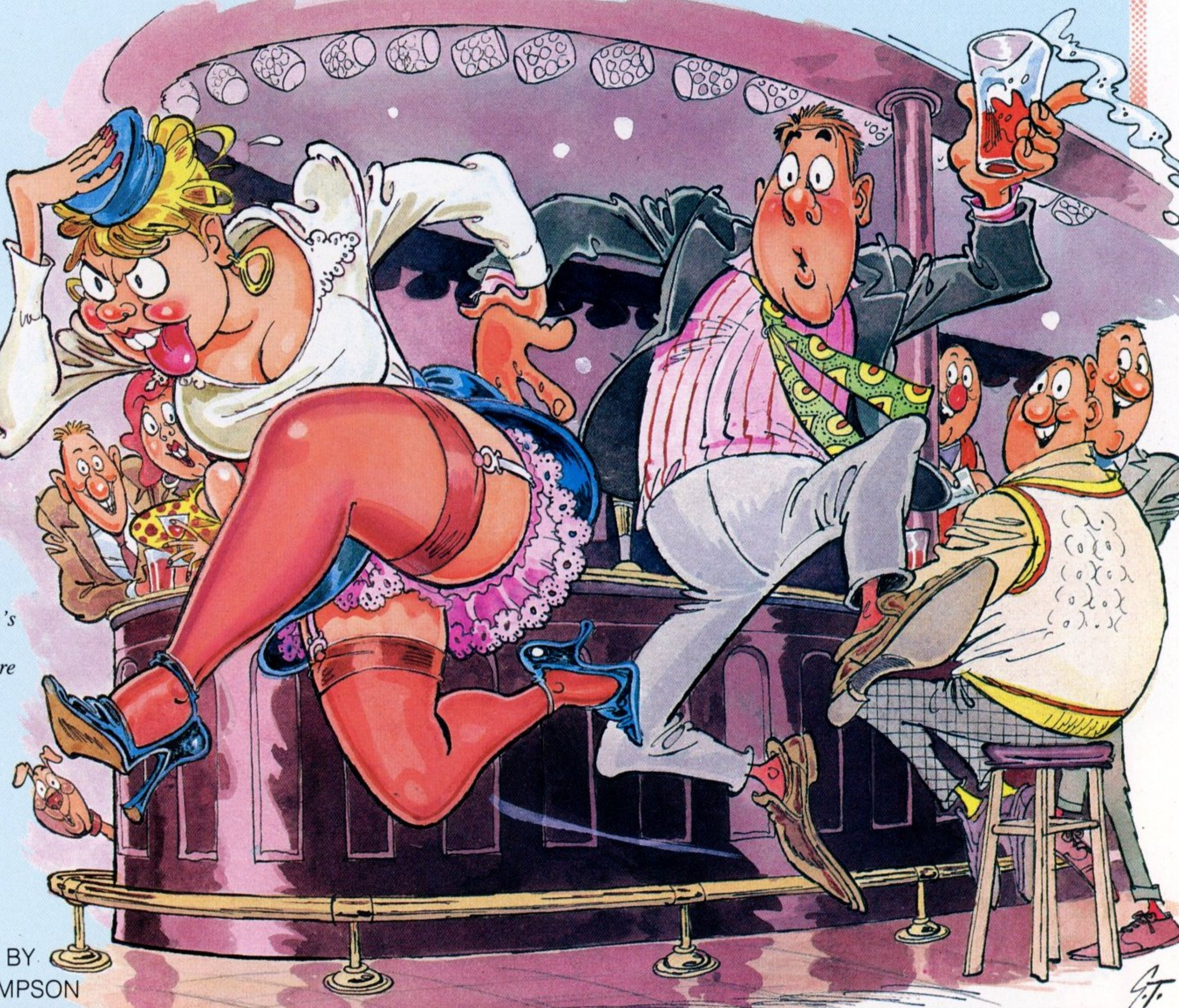
Having spent about fifteen years trying not to produce any offspring, it came as something of a surprise when I was told, by my wife, that I was now required to come up with the goods. But I didn't offer any objections, knowing our firstborn would become a great golfer/footballer/tennis star, and buy his parents a nice house by the sea with au pair girls and a bar.

I assumed that the impregnation was a bit like popping round to the local for a pint — from time to time you missed the opening hours, but by and large you got your order in. And also, I nearly forgot, you quite enjoyed it. But not so fast Mr Virile . . . it's not that easy.

My first problem was largely in the mind — although the mind quickly shifted the responsibility to another part of my anatomy. I was simply too nervous to act. What was to be the proud fountain of life was more like a water-filled balloon. It was all to do with what I had grown used to, namely precautions. Suddenly, not to take any, seemed an alarming thought — like going out without your raincoat. My wife suggested I wore a condom with the top cut off, just to relax me. And to think that in my youth I was described as 'up and coming'.

However, I eventually got over my trepidation, except for the one occasion when, just as we were getting down to business, my wife thought to remind me that a young baby needs its nappy changing five times a day . . . and three times a night.

But, even with performance back to normal, the results didn't follow. I had to speak rather firmly to my 'little chaps' (my wife's name — I prefer an old girlfriend's term: 'therm', because they came out warm when I was turned on). I had to



*Bursting into the bar shouting, 'I have the hots for you!' was my wife's way of telling me her body temperature was perfect for procreation.*

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM THOMPSON

point out to them that I probably wasted, in one way or another, close to 750,000 million of their sort, and they ought to think themselves lucky. But to no avail. I even tried restricting them to legitimate outings, cutting out the 'air shots', but it was no good.

It was at this point that my wife bought the book, written by some idiot American quack, on how to become pregnant. When I objected to this, it was pointed out that this was preferable to going down to the doctor's to check my sperm count. So the book was read and the advice followed rigidly. The first ploy was a kind of blanket coverage. 'Blanket' seemed to be the appropriate word, because those using the method had to spend about three-quarters of their lives in bed. Any time of the day or night I could be called upon to perform. I just didn't have the stamina. Unfortunately I was in the habit of coming home for lunch, which meant even more effort, although I found that if we adopted a canine stance I could still watch Pebble Mill while balancing a pot noodle on my wife's back. This actually stopped when my wife noticed I had a particular fancy for one of the TV presenters.

The next chapter advocated the popular temperature chart technique, personally nicknamed the 'therm-sperm' method. It appears that there are only about twenty four hours each month when fertilisation can occur (makes you think just how *very* unlucky some people are), and this period can be determined by changes in the woman's body temperature. It's all very scientific. But can you imagine the scene at the local when my wife appeared at the door? At first I couldn't work out why she wanted me to come home. We had eaten dinner; there didn't appear to be any major domestic crisis. I'm afraid I was so slow in picking up her hints that she eventually had to annouce to the whole bar that I had to go home because she was 'hot for me'. Incidentally, if you want to find me in the local nowadays, just ask for 'Lucky Jim'.

Coupled with this rather unromantic approach came two other suggestions. One was that the male partner should not withdraw immediately afterwards. This implied using me as a cross between a ramrod and a cork! The other idea was for the woman to kneel down with her bum in the air to allow gravity to work; thus, instead of having to struggle like salmon going upstream, my 250 million-or-so little swimming friends would be whooshed downstream to where the action was. The only problem was that my wife insisted we combine the two techniques so, at the end of our love making, we used to look like Siamese twins wrestling.

In addition to all this, I should point out, was the rather disappointing fact that for the first time in my life sex was for a purpose and not for pleasure. Foreplay was kept to a minimum just in case the milk boiled over and some was spilled. I felt things were getting a little out of hand when 'it' was written up on the 'Things to Do' board in the kitchen. However, when I complained I was reminded that natural procreation might produce one child; if my wife went on to a fertility drug I might end up fathering quads or worse.

After a few months of trying, my wife was given another book by a neighbour. That the neighbour's children were called Catkin and Sunset should have warned us about the approach of this book, organic rather than orgasmic. Ignoring my complaints, my wife pressed ahead with new schemes, most of which involved eating large amounts of vegetables and listening to bloody sitar music. Ironically it was a chapter in this book, entitled 'The root of the problem', that finally did the trick.

We had both given up drinking — and had been eating a diet that consisted almost entirely of turnips. It was all to do with Mother Earth giving life through plants that keep their goodness in the soil, and unfortunately, turnips were the only things in season. I remember the evening well because we had argued earlier. I had suggested that my wife had misread the book and she should be using them in a rather more direct fashion. However, we eventually made up and, as was usual, retired to the bedroom. Unfortunately the diet was beginning to take its toll and although emotionally the earth didn't move for me, it *sounded* as if it had. Not once, but twice, during the act I simply exploded. It wasn't the sound of my farts that caused the problem, but that we both had to rush out of the room to avoid being asphyxiated. In fact the smell of rotting vegetation was so great that we had to evacuate the house and go to the pub. We met some friends, got plastered, came home and, nine months to the day produced a beautiful little girl. And I couldn't think of a more natural way to achieve the desired result than that.

We named the baby in honour of the technique that finally did the trick . . . having a daughter called Johnny Walker has its drawbacks, but we reckon it's better than calling her Turnip!

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# THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

## THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

# QUEST

Maturity can often exercise a curious fascination over a younger sexual partner. A young woman may respond to an older lover's greater confidence and experience, agreeing to a wider range of sexual activity than she might otherwise accept. A young man can find an older woman's sexual directness irresistible. This month Quest examines the privileges of maturity

**PERSONAL FILE**
**Name**. . . . Withheld
**Sex**. . . . Female
**Age**. . . . 26 years
**Town of Origin**. . . . Hull
**Other details**. . . . This interviewee, a slim, dark-haired young woman, worked in advertising after leaving secretarial college. Now married, she runs her own secretarial and word-processing service.

*Quest:* Have you found that your boyfriends have influenced your sexual needs?
**Secretary:** Well, naturally. You don't just feel sexy all on your own, do you?
*Quest:* It's something you work out with each partner?
**Secretary:** Yes. In practice, it's what fellows try on, and you think, 'No, I'm not going to do *that* — that's disgusting!' Or, *'That's* nice, I wish he'd do that again.' A lot depends on the mood I'm in, but it's mostly it's the man. If I like someone, or trust them, I'm more open.
*Quest:* Can you give an example of someone you didn't trust?
**Secretary:** There was a fellow I went out with when I was eighteen. He was a year older than me. I never went all the way with him, but we petted quite heavily. The usual back seat of the car stuff. I took my bra off for him, under my blouse, and let him fondle me. A few times he had his hand in my knickers. He used to take his thing out, and I'd hold it and pump him — shall we say — until he came. But I'd always cover the end of his thing with tissues — I was terrified I would get it over me.
*Quest:* And that satisfied him?
**Secretary:** For a long while, yes. Then one night in the back of his car — it must have been summer because I'd taken my top as well as my bra off — he wanted to straddle me and hold his

erection against my tummy — so I could feel him coming. He thought it would seem a lot closer to the real thing, I suppose.

*Quest:* Did you agree?

***Secretary:*** I didn't really trust him, but I couldn't see it was that wrong. So I let him kneel over me — I was sort of slumped right down on the back seat. He'd taken his jeans and pants off. But the angles were all wrong. His penis was level with my boobs, pointing straight at my face. I wasn't sure about that, but he wanted to try it anyway, so I pressed the end of his erection into my cleavage under a handful of tissues! He started rubbing himself against me, and quickly got very excited, jerked away from my tissues, grabbed one of my breasts in one hand and started groaning and coming all over the other one. I'd never seen a fellow actually come before. I was really angry. I wouldn't see him for two weeks. But mostly that was just fright. I wasn't on the pill, or anything, and we could so easily have done *everything* together. I was very naive then.

*Quest:* Yet — within six months, was it? — you were involved in a relationship that sounds very uninhibited.

***Secretary:*** Yes, but in that time I'd left home, come to London, found a flat, started a job. Robert was part of that.

*Quest:* He was your boyfriend?

***Secretary:*** He was also my boss, or one of them. It was only a small office. I was one of four girls who worked for everybody.

*Quest:* He was a lot older than you, wasn't he?

***Secretary:*** I don't know about a lot. He was 35, but very young-minded and trendy. I'd never met anyone like him before. He wasn't even that good-looking, which is what I'd mainly looked for in boyfriends before! But he was so funny, and clever. And he could be outrageous.

> **'I smacked him with the towel and found I was tottering round the bathroom stark naked'**

*Quest:* How?

***Secretary:*** Just after I'd started there, I was discussing bikini marks with one of the other girls. I've always had a problem, because I'm quite bushy down there. It really used to embarrass me. Robert must have come into the room without me noticing, because he suddenly burst out, 'Hairy pubes, great! Thick, dark, glistening *bushes* — I could drown in them!' Meanwhile his eyes were rolling like a maniac's, then his whole expression instantly became normal, and he said, very chattily, 'You're like that, are you, Andrea? (Name changed).' I nearly died!

*Quest:* Were you attracted to him?

***Secretary:*** I was fascinated by him. I couldn't tell if he really didn't care what he said, or it was a big act. But I never thought seriously about going to bed with him until I went to his flat.

*Quest:* How did that happen?

***Secretary:*** We had a panic on, and he was working from home over the weekend. He asked me to go and give him a hand on the Saturday. I think it actually was necessary, but he treated me like a guest. I felt like I was on a date. It was a fantastic place, too, very plush, and right on the top of a block. Then, typical Robert, he forgot he was having some furniture delivered. The deliverers would only bring it to the top of the lift, which was one flight down. So Robert and I had to spend over an hour wrestling this stuff up the stairs. It was a boiling day, too. When we'd finished Robert said he'd have to take a shower. Then, when he came back in his dressing gown, he told me to do the same.

*Quest:* And did you?

***Secretary:*** I was a bit chary, but he told me not to be silly. There was no point in being uncomfortable. So I went into the bathroom, got undressed and started to shower. I thought I'd locked the door, but I obviously hadn't, because after about five minutes I heard Robert come in, whistling, and start rattling about in the cupboard.

*Quest:* Did that worry you?

***Secretary:*** Well, yes! I knew he behaved differently from most other people, but I wasn't sure if I fancied the idea of shared bathroom facilities. So I asked if he'd lost anything. He told me he couldn't find a deodorant, then he asked if I was enjoying my shower. Meanwhile I was squeezed up against the cubicle wall! He said to call if I needed anything. Then it went quiet. I thought he'd gone, and straightened up. And the sod instantly jerked back the shower curtain! 'Oh,' he grinned, looking me over, 'you *are* as bushy as you said.'

*Quest:* How did you react?

***Secretary:*** I shrieked, and lunged at him, trying to grab the shower curtain back, but I slipped and ripped the thing right off its track. Then I just hit out at him in sheer frustration. He laughed, and cringed away from me, but he was only wearing a towel he was holding round his waist, and he let go of it. I snatched it up and started to smack his back with it. The more he laughed, the angrier I got, and the harder I hit him. Then it suddenly dawned on me I was tottering around the bathroom completely naked — like Robert — and I shrieked again, and tried to cover myself with the towel. I was practically hysterical by then. He took hold of my elbows, but he couldn't keep his face straight. 'Your face,' he said, 'when I pulled back the curtain —' And suddenly we were both laughing. Then Robert went quiet and said, 'I'm glad I did it, though. You know you've got a beautiful body, don't you?'

*Quest:* Did you fancy him?

***Secretary:*** He had a very nice body, more muscles than I'd have guessed, and a beautifully flat tummy. He was nicer than some fellows I knew ten years younger. Yes, I did fancy him at that moment — actually, quite a lot.

*Quest:* Presumably you were doing more than petting by this time?

***Secretary:*** I'd been to bed with two boys. But I'd only just started taking the pill, thank God!

*Quest:* Go on.

***Secretary:*** Robert bent down his head, and we kissed. About halfway through the towel came adrift, and his hands came up, and began stroking the sides of my breasts. Then his fingers crept round onto my nipples, rubbing them very gently. It felt absolutely gorgeous. It was all I could do to stop myself moaning. I didn't want to seem *that* keen — not that it mattered a damn when I was stark naked in his arms, feeling his *thing* stretching higher and higher up my tummy! That was when he pressed his lips to my ear, and whispered, 'I want to make love to you, now, this second, right here —' My heart practically burst!

*Quest:* And did you make love?

***Secretary:*** He drew me down to the carpet, and made me stretch out on my back, very calmly and gently, kissing parts of my body as he did it — my lips, the tips of my breasts, my tummy, and then my pubes, which made give a great nervous jerk — no one had ever kissed me there before. Then he said quietly, 'You feel so moist, I think you're ready. And I don't think I can wait —' I swallowed, and blinked at him. I just felt so open. After all the fumbling, and struggling with boys my own age, he was so calm and certain. He moved my legs apart, leaned over and slipped his penis straight into me.

*Quest:* Did you climax?

***Secretary:*** Not then. But afterwards we had a shower together, and in the middle of it, Robert knelt down in and started nuzzling my pubes.

*Quest:* Did you like that?

***Secretary:*** I thought that he was just playing about, until he began to lick me. I wasn't sure if I liked it, but he told me to give it a couple of minutes longer. He did it again, and this time he found my clit, and the most incredible feelings started. In a minute or two I could hardly keep myself upright against the cubicle wall. In the end I was gasping so much I had to lie down on the carpet again. And Robert knelt between my legs, and kept going, licking round and round my clitty, up and down my lips, even right down between my bottom crack. I couldn't believe what I was feeling! And then it happened. Like being cracked over the head with a bottle — only it happened inside. I was suddenly gasping and squealing and clutching at him while these incredible spasms tore through me. After that I'd have done anything for him. The trouble was I did — from giving a quick suck in the office to prancing around in sexy lingerie at the weekends, and it was two months before I found out he was married. So trust might work wonders in bed, but it can creat havoc outside.

*Quest:* Do you regret any of it?

***Secretary:*** Oh no. Robert was lovely to me. If I'd gone out with young fellows it would have taken me years to find out about myself — if at all. No, he gave me the sort of crash course no one else could. I can't forget that.

*Quest:* Thank you.

# QUEST

**PERSONAL FILE**
**Name** . . . . Withheld
**Sex** . . . . Male
**Age** . . . . 31 years
**Town of Origin** . . . . Norwich
**Other details** . . . . This interviewee trained as a solicitor after leaving university. He works for a small partnership and lives in his own flat.

*Quest:* Do you find that a degree of maturity gives you any advantage sexually?

***Solicitor:*** I'm sure younger women treat older men with a kind of respect; they expect to be looked after, and perhaps learn something. I know I can get away with more with a younger woman than I'd dare with a woman my own age. And vice versa, of course.

*Quest:* You think older women find younger men more pliable?

***Solicitor:*** Oh yes. *I* was, certainly!

*Quest:* When were you involved with an older woman?

***Solicitor:*** When I was twenty one. My first sexual plunge — beyond a couple of near misses.

*Quest:* How did you meet this woman?

***Solicitor:*** At a vacation job I had in a solicitor's office. Gwyneth (name changed) was the senior partner's secretary-cum-office manager. She gave me most of the work I did. She was the kind of sleek, sophisticated, experienced woman I was always ravishing in my dreams, and crumbling before in reality. She was tallish, quite well-fleshed but shapely, hair piled up, a very strong face, glamorous rather than pretty. She was also into her thirties, and divorced, though there was quite a prominent boyfriend of about forty. I was fairly sure she liked me — but only in the sense that she thought I was sweet.

*Quest:* What changed the situation?

***Solicitor:*** It was my last week there. Something was obviously happening with the boyfriend. I never knew the details. I was too busy summoning up the courage to ask out one of the other secretaries, which I didn't even manage until the Friday, when *she* made it very clear she wasn't interested. I didn't want to slink home to my parents, so I slipped into the pub next door. And walked straight into Gwyneth.

*Quest:* She was alone?

***Solicitor:*** Yes. Sitting to one side. If I'd had time to think I'd probably never have done anything, but she saw me. So I went over and asked her if she wanted another drink. to my surprise she said yes. When I brought it back she asked if I wouldn't mind keeping her company, because she was waiting for someone. We were still there two hours later.

*Quest:* What were you talking about?

***Solicitor:*** God knows. About nine she said she had to get home, and offered to share a taxi.

*Quest:* Did you think this was any kind of pass?

***Solicitor:*** All the signals I was getting told me she was just being polite — and in a fairly casual way, at that. So when we stopped at her place, and she asked if I'd like a coffee I really didn't know whether to say yes or not.

*Quest:* But presumably you did?

***Solicitor:*** Yes. There was a small sofa in the living room, and a couple of armchairs. I chose an armchair. She vanished into the kitchen and reappeared five minutes later with the coffee, put on some quiet music and plumped down opposite me.

*Quest:* Had her attitude changed in any way?

***Solicitor:*** I *was* aware that she seemed to be looking at me more, as if she expected me to say or do something — I'd no idea what. Then after about ten minutes of desperately trying to keep up conversation it suddenly hit me.

*Quest:* What did?

***Solicitor:*** She was wearing a very light, pleated skirt, shortish because she had good legs. She was leaning back a bit on the sofa and she'd crossed her legs. That gave me a view up her skirt. At first I thought I glimpsed a pair of dark panties. Then I realised what it was. It was pubic hair. She was knickerless.

*Quest:* How did you react?

***Solicitor:*** I didn't really. I went bright scarlet, and froze. Gwyneth smiled and asked what was the matter. I could just about squeak that everything was fine. She went on and on smiling at me — I just sat there, like a dummy. Then she laughed, and sat up, uncrossing her legs and straightening her skirt again. 'You're a really sweet boy,' she said. 'But I've got an early start tomorrow morning —' And I suppose seeing my chance snatched away broke the spell.

*Quest:* What did you do?

***Solicitor:*** I leapt up, surprising myself as much as it did her, darted over, bent down and kissed her. She shot to her feet, and we were kissing properly, tongue in throat, pushing herself against me, the lot. By then I'd got my hands on her bottom, and was inching up her skirt. She was beautifully warm and fleshy underneath, and I began sliding my hand round her thigh. As I moved it into the dip of her crutch and actually felt her pubic hair, she pushed herself even harder against me, pressing my fingers against her mound, so that I could feel how hot and moist she was. But when I tried to move my hand, and finger her, or at least stroke her pussy, she gave a low moan and pulled away suddenly. 'Oh no, no,' she said. 'Let's do this properly.' And she grasped my hand and literally led me to the bedroom.

*Quest:* Did you feel she was in charge?

***Solicitor:*** Oh she was, which was probably just as well at that stage! In the bedroom she told me to undress in one corner, and I'd hardly turned my back before the light was down and she was in bed. As soon as I was naked I slid in beside her, and felt at once that she didn't have a stitch on either. I just wanted to see every inch. There was enough light, but every time I sat up she pulled me down again and began kissing me, as if she was self-conscious. Perhaps she was, though she'd no reason to be. She had a gorgeous body, perhaps a bit of a spare tyre, but the most incredible pillow-like breasts, very deep and loose but beautifully rounded. I just buried myself in them, cupping and stroking, kissing and fondling her. I couldn't believe my luck.

*Quest:* How did she respond?

***Solicitor:*** She was sighing and smoothing her hands down my sides, as if she was trying to push me down between her legs. Eventually she said, 'It's alright — I'm alright — just go on — I'm wearing my cap —' I'd actually quite liked to have gone on playing with her breasts, but by now she was bending forward, reaching down between my legs and clutching at my cock. Then she spread her thighs, I was dropping between them, and she'd brought my tip against the wet opening of her pussy. I started to ease inside, and she gave a great shudder under me. Then her hands started pulling at my buttocks and in fact, it was she who started humping. She lifted her knees either side of me and began to push her crotch down onto the base of my shaft. I was terrified I'd shoot my load, but I didn't want her to think I wasn't up to the good hard fucks I was always hearing about from friends! So I pulled back and began jerking into her as energetically as I could. She gave a loud gasp and hissed, 'Don't wait for me — just do it — do it — !' I hardly needed the encouragement to boil over.

*Quest:* Did she climax too?

***Solicitor:*** No — I realise now. At the time I was only aware of her holding me as I shot off, and murmuring, 'That's right — let it all come — let it all out.' What was the biggest moment of my life till then was obviously just a preliminary to her.

*Quest:* A preliminary to what?

***Solicitor:*** I assumed that it was what I wanted — another jolly good fuck. She was a lot more outgoing after the deed. I think she was genuinely pleased that she had turned me on so much. She certainly seemed eager for another go the moment I was hard again. But as I went to climb on top of her, a lot more confidently than the first time, she suddenly put her legs together, gave me

> **'When I modelled for my husband's friends, I served lunch in the nude'**

# QUEST

this coy look, and asked if I'd do her a favour. So I said yes. Then she told me to reach under the bed and pull out what I found there.

*Quest:* What was it?

**Solicitor:** Four short lengths of pyjama cord. She was still giving me her coy look. Then she opened her legs wide, stretched out her arms, and said, 'Why don't you see if you can tie me to the bed?' I thought she was joking. She made it sound like a joke. But when I suggested that it was just being silly she made it very clear she might well lose interest in any more sex if I didn't go ahead. So I did.

*Quest:* With what effect?

**Solicitor:** On me? Not a lot. But she positively purred, grinning and tugging at the knots, twisting her body from side to side. Then, when I'd tied her wrists and ankles to the four bed legs, she said, 'I've changed my mind. I don't want to do it with you.' I was pole-axed! I started protesting like mad, and when I'd reached a fine old pitch she shrugged, gave me that coy look again and said, 'Well, you'll just have to make me, won't you?' Which was obviously the point of the exercise.

*Quest:* She wanted the illusion of forced sex?

**Solicitor:** Now that I'd proved myself a nice safe lad who wouldn't take advantage, yes. In fact, having struggled so long to get laid the last thing I wanted was to go *on* struggling in bed! But if it was the only way to get a fuck — fine. So I started, and she began twisting and turning under me, panting and jerking her head away even when I tried to kiss her. When I sucked her nipples she was hissing, 'No! No — get away!' But she really began to get going when I went to get on top of her. In the end I was literally spreadeagled across her, being heaved up and down, while I rubbed my cock up and down her pussy crack, trying to slide in . That was what made her come. Then, after her spasms had finished, she got me to untie one wrist, and she reached down and guided me into her hole.

*Quest:* Did you see her again? You said it was your last week at that office.

**Solicitor:** Probably about five times before she stopped calling. She always rang me. When I called her she'd be fairly non-committal. But when we met the same thing would happen. I'm sure the boyfriend problem had something to do with the rope. Nowadays, I'd probably do the same once — for variety's sake — but I'd object if a woman wanted it *every* time. When you're young, though, you go through hoops for good sex — or bad sex, for that matter!

*Quest:* Thank you.

## PERSONAL FILE

**Name**....Withheld
**Sex**....Female
**Age**....34 years
**Town of Origin**....Swindon
**Other details**....This interviewee, an attractive brunette, married at 20 and was divorced five years later. She has since remarried, and now manages a flower shop. She has a young daughter.

*Quest:* Do you think young women find mature men particularly attractive?

**Florist:** *I* do — or I have done. I'm getting a bit mature myself now! Don, my first husband, was nearly fourteen years older than me.

*Quest:* Have you found you've done more for an older lover — in a sexual sense?

**Florist:** I suppose so. To be frank, most young guys have enough trouble getting a girl into bed, let alone trying anything kinky.

*Quest:* So you wouldn't have done for a lover of your own age what you did for your first husband, for instance?

**Florist:** What did you have in mind?

*Quest:* I believe you used to model for him.

**Florist:** Oh yes, that was one of Don's main things. He was very keen on photography. He was always snapping me. He took other girls as well, because he belonged to this camera club. But I was his favourite.

*Quest:* Didn't you model for the club too?

**Florist:** 'Club' is probably too grand a name for it. They were just four or five friends, really, mostly from Don's work. I did quite a lot of modelling for them, actually.

*Quest:* Whose idea was it for you to pose nude?

**Florist:** Don suggested it, but I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't wanted to. It wasn't as if they were seeing anything new. Don used to show them all my pictures. And we were hardly having orgies.

*Quest:* To be honest, some of the sessions you've told me about might suggest just that.

**Florist:** No — mostly we were just having a laugh. I'm not saying I'd do the same again, but you are more reckless when you're young.

*Quest:* Then it's true that you used to serve these men Sunday lunch in the nude?

**Florist:** Sometimes! The boys usually met at our place on a Sunday. It seemed silly to dress again just for a half hour break. It was a joke.

*Quest:* But surely there was a strong sexual element to all this?

**Florist:** Of course there was! That was part of the fun. As soon as the sessions were over Don and I couldn't wait to have each other!

*Quest:* Were the others turned on too?

**Florist:** Mostly they just looked flushed, but I'd notice the odd lump — especially with the younger guys. The worse, though, was a fellow, in his mid-forties. I used to hope Don was that keen at 45! It got to be a running joke. 'Hello!' they'd say. 'Ray's on the rise again!'

*Quest:* You didn't object?

**Florist:** No, because I could joke with him about it. I often used to say when we started, 'Hope I can give you your monthly rise, today, Ray.' And we'd all laugh. I couldn't talk like that to the others.

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*Quest:* Their discreet erections didn't bother you?

**Florist:** I was very aware of them. If Don hadn't been there I'd have locked and bolted myself in the loo in five seconds flat!

*Quest:* So presumably Don didn't mind, either?

**Florist:** Quite the opposite. We used to talk about it afterwards, working out who I'd made twitch and which pose had been the most effective. Our ambition was for me to be so sexy all five of them would get stiff. It was a game. At least to me.

*Quest:* Then why did you stop?

**Florist:** It stopped being a game.

*Quest:* How did that happen?

**Florist:** I liked to tease, but I only wanted to have sex with Don. He wanted me to pose with a fellow, and take pictures of us.

*Quest:* Did he suggest the man?

**Florist:** He thought Ray would be best, because Ray was obviously keen on me.

*Quest:* Did you want to have sex with Ray?

**Florist:** Not in front of my own husband! But it was more complicated than that.

*Quest:* In what way?

**Florist:** I'd already had sex with Ray. I thought Don had found out and was letting me know. But I don't think he did. It only happened once.

*Quest:* How exactly?

**Florist:** At home, in the bathroom, would you believe, during a break in a session, with Don downstairs. It was someone's birthday — I forget who. We'd had a celebration glass before we started that morning, and quite a bit more over lunch. Normally we'd never drink during a session — the atmosphere was usually heady enough as it was. But I didn't care that day. Don and I were starting to get rocky. I hadn't wanted to pose, but he'd insisted. This was before any mention of sex pictures. I suppose I'd been a bit ruder than usual, and it had obviously got to Ray. Then at lunch the drink made me worse.

*Quest:* Was this another naked lunch?

**Florist:** I'd been doing nude poses that morning and I hadn't bothered to cover up again, yes. I was playing around with napkins and tea cloths and things at the table, draping them over my boobs and generally being stupid. Then Ray got up and left. Don took someone to fetch some equipment from the garden shed. I wanted to pee. So I tottered out, only then realising how much I'd had, and went upstairs. I walked straight into the bathroom — the door wasn't locked — and plonked myself on the loo. I was halfway through before it occurred to me to look up. Ray was standing opposite me, to one side of the door.

*Quest:* You mean you hadn't shut it?

**Florist:** I thought I had the upstairs to myself.

*Quest:* What did you do?

**Florist:** Apart from instantly drying up! I told Ray to close the door. Then I realised he looked more startled than I did, and I glanced down and saw why. He'd got stiff again. 'I think it was the napkins did it,' he said, 'But don't worry. I'm not into golden rain.' 'Thank God for that,' I said. Then I found I could finish my pee, and immediately started laughing, and so did he, and I couldn't feel awkward. 'Doesn't your wife look after you?' I asked him, getting up and wiping myself. Poor Ray was quite red by then. He told me they hadn't had relations since their last child; his wife had just lost interest. 'But to be honest,' he said, 'I think you're more to blame than her.' I said something like, 'Oh Ray, it's not fair for me to tease you so much, is it?' And I went to kiss him on the cheek.

*Quest:* Surely not platonically?

**Florist:** I just wanted to kiss him. He literally jumped. Then I realised that pecking him on the cheek when I was nude was quite different from when I had clothes on. He'd never touched me when I was naked. None of them had. We just looked at each other. Then Ray bent his head and kissed me on the lips. And I kissed him back.

*Quest:* Did you intend to make love?

**Florist:** I really didn't intend anything. I just enjoyed it. I didn't even mind when he brought his hands up and held my breasts — that felt lovely too. My bare tummy was leaning against his crotch, and I could feel how hard he was inside his trousers. I said, 'Oh Ray, I feel so bad getting you like this. I wish I could do something for you —' That was when he started to rub his thumbs backwards and forwards across my nipples, which immediately sprang up, and I chuckled and went to pull away. 'Oh don't be cruel,' I said. 'You don't know what that does to me.'

*Quest:* Did you pull away, though?

**Florist:** No. It felt so incredibly gorgeous. I told myself I'd wait ten more seconds and then insist. Looking was all I allowed — only my husband could touch. And then it hit me. I can only remember a couple of other times when desire has literally seized me by the scruff of the neck. It felt like my juices just burst out of my pussy. I was just one throbbing ache for sex. All the sexual tension I'd built up in the session just exploded at once. It really was like having no control over myself, and it terrified me. Ray must have seen it in my face, because he just said, 'I want you.' I tried to say I couldn't — it was impossible — but he'd gripped me tightly, running his hands down my body. His fingers went into my pubic hair, and as soon as he felt how soaking I was I couldn't pretend anymore. All I could do was tell him to bolt the door.

*Quest:* How did you have intercourse?

**Florist:** There was room to lie down, but I think I was still frightened someone would surprise us. So, after some frantic fumbling, Ray dropped his trousers and we did it standing up — actually against the hand basin. I was leaning forward with my head over the taps and my bottom in the air. Ray came into me from behind. I could see his erection sliding between my cheeks in the mirror tiles over the bath.

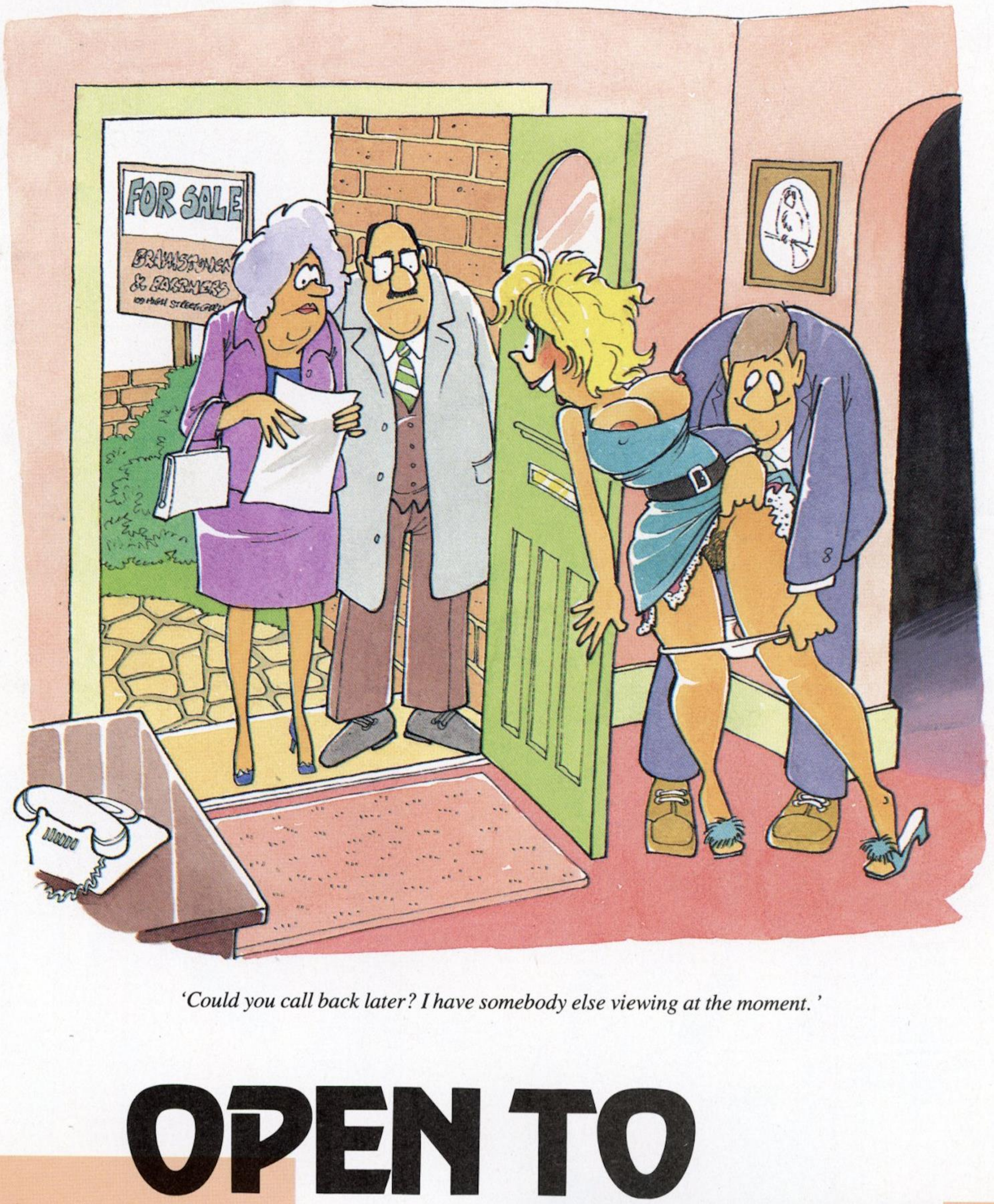
*Quest:* Did you climax?

**Florist:** I think I was climaxing from the moment he touched me. It sounds really uncomfortable, and it was. But it was glorious too. Afterwards I had to tell Don I'd started a migraine and I had to go to bed. The whole incident brought home to me the kind of fire I was playing with. I just didn't want to do it any more.

*Quest:* Would you say that your husband took advantage of you?

**Florist:** I did the same. It only went wrong at the end when everything was going wrong. He helped me see an important part of myself. I'll always be grateful for that.

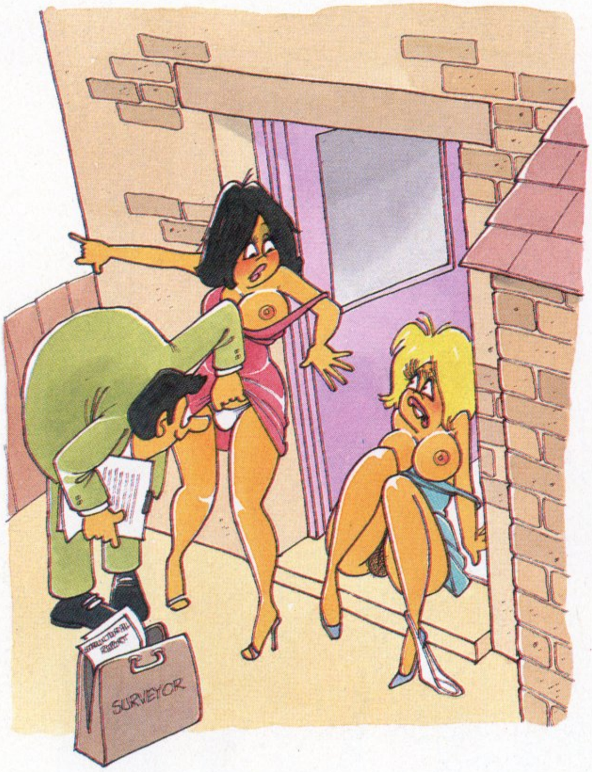
*Quest:* Thank you.



*'Could you call back later? I have somebody else viewing at the moment.'*

# OPEN TO OFFERS

Estate agents use a language all their own. Cartoonist Anthony suggests it might refer to something other than selling houses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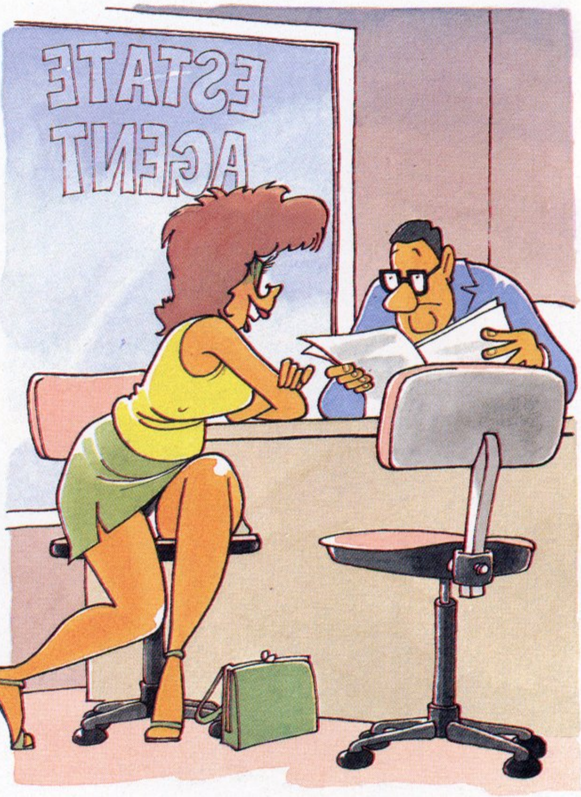
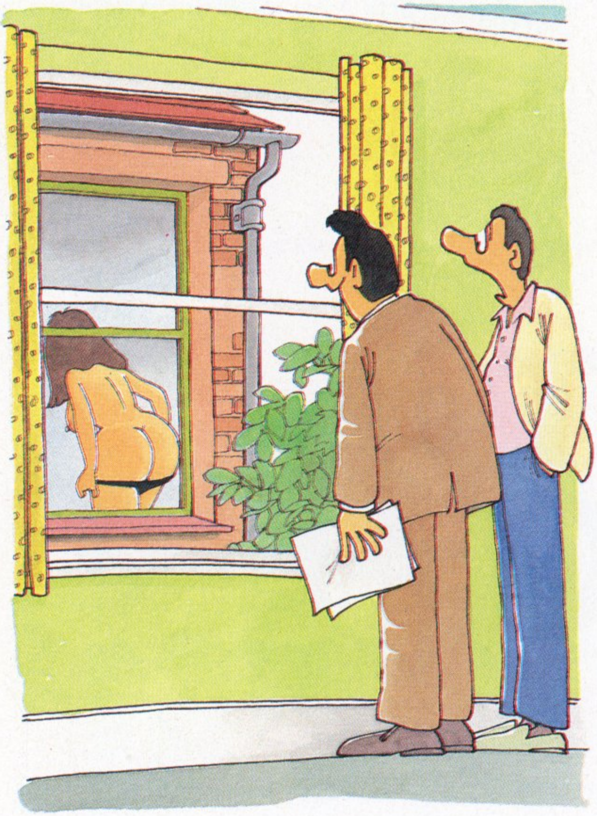
SURVEYOR

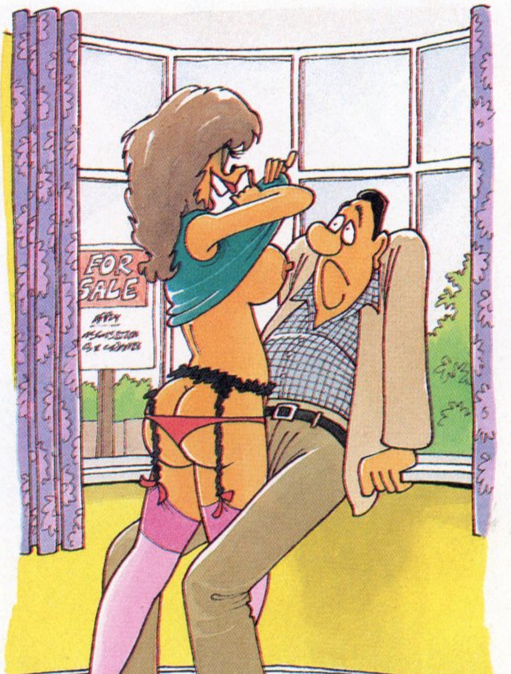
*'Shouldn't the solicitor be carrying out the searches?'*


ESTATE AGENT

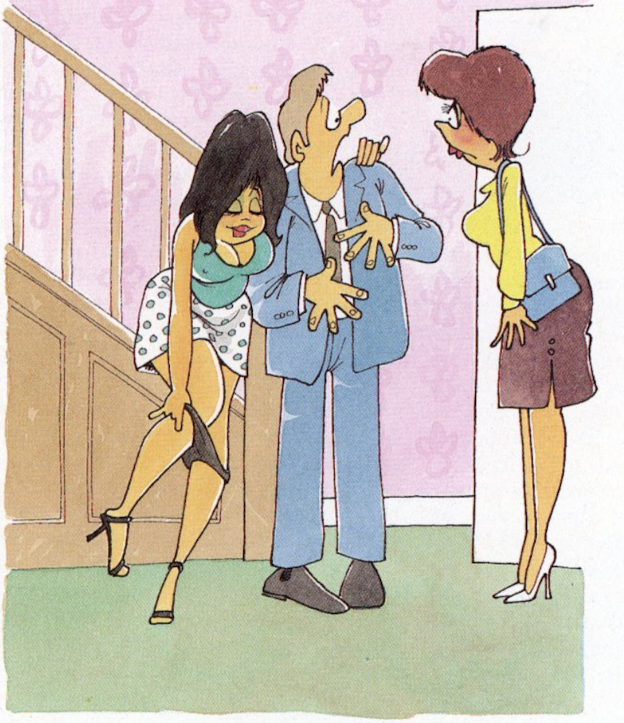
*'Mmm! The two up two down sounds interesting.'*



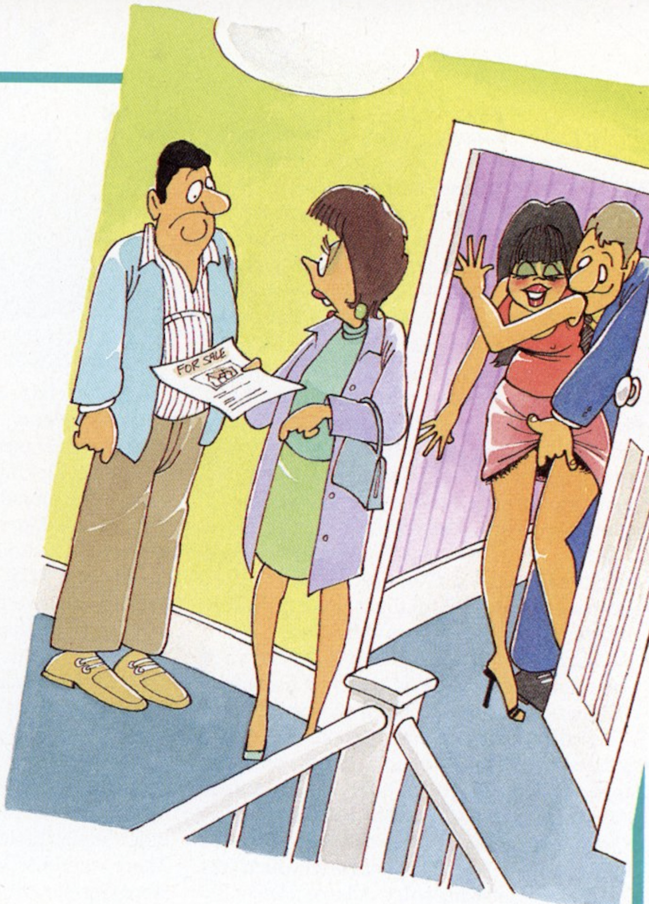
*'As I was saying, I shall be extremely sorry to move.'*



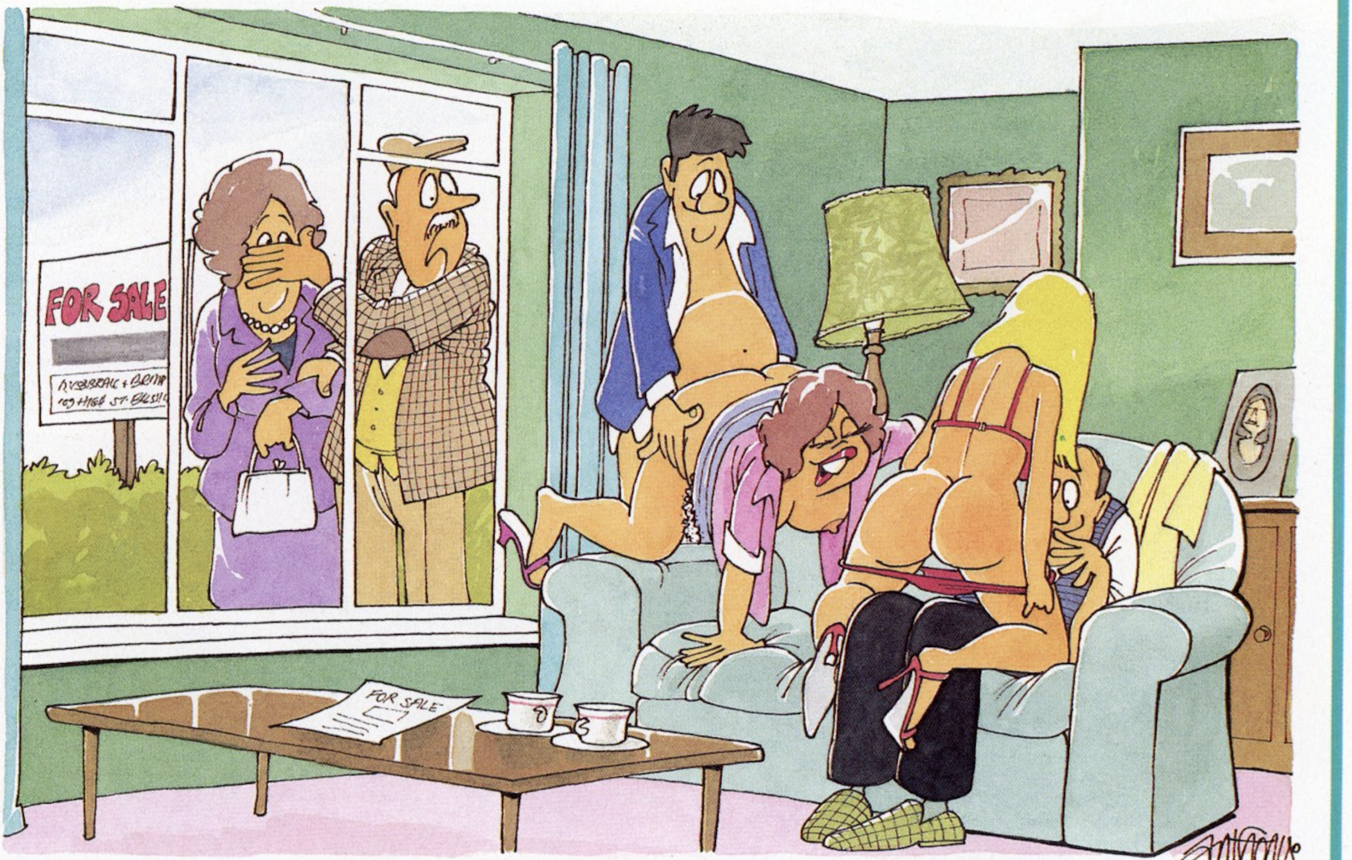
*'The estate agent said you might consider an offer.'*



'But you did ask me to see
how much she was prepared to drop!'



'We may have to re-negotiate
the price — my husband says he's found a damp patch!'


FOR SALE
FOR SALE

'Don't look now, dear — they're gazumping.'

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...

## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A businessman took on a beautiful brunette as a secretary. She was attractive, very efficient and very, very sexy. So much so that for her first week's pay, he bought her a pure silk and real lace nightdress. And for the second week's pay, he gave her a gold wrist watch. And for the third week's pay . . . he raised her first week's pay.

**To liven up a rather dull race meeting, one Hooray Henry decided to play a little joke. Pretending to be an official, he sneaked into the race announcer's office, and handed him a note he'd written earlier.**
**'Read this out, it's urgent!' he demanded. Without thinking, the announcer switched on the microphone.**
**'And here's the latest betting news,' said the voice over the tannoy, 'Lady Caroline's Fanny has been scratched.'**
**What the announcer didn't know was that Lady Caroline, far from being the name of a horse, was the name of the course owner's wife. He was soon to find out. Within seconds of the announcement, a furious Lord Fetlock, owner of the course, burst into the room.**
**'How dare you!' he shouted at the hapless announcer. 'Lady Caroline's Fanny isn't a horse. That's my wife you're talking about. Now, broadcast an apology.'**
**'Yes, certainly, of course, my Lord,' replied the announcer nervously, and switched on the mike.**
**'I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I have a correction to the last announcement. Lady Caroline's Fanny has not been scratched. In fact, it's never even been entered.'**

Why do they have cats' eyes in the middle of the road?
Because if they used cats' arses, they'd need twice as many.

**Our drum majorettes are the best.**
**They march whilst getting undressed.**
**And what do they play**
**As they're stripping away?**
**Air on a G-string? You guessed!**

'Doctor,' came the sweet young voice over the phone, 'it's Miss Bright here. You know I came in for an examination this morning. You couldn't be a dear, and have a look to see if I left a pair of pale blue satin knickers in your surgery could you?'
'Why certainly,' replied the doctor remembering examining Miss Bright's naked form very well. He looked around for the miniscule briefs, but to no avail.
'I'm sorry, they're not here,' he replied.
'Oh dear,' sighed Miss Bright. 'I must have left them at the dentists.'

**Great Quotes of Our Time:**
**If you're feeling that the sexual revolution has passed you by, then pity Rodney Dangerfield. He has the desire but no success, or so he claims.**
**'At certain times, I fancy sex — like after a cigarette... but if it wasn't for pickpockets, I'd have no sex life at all.'**

A little girl was walking her badly behaved dog along the street when the vicar walked by.
'That's a naughty dog. What do you call him?' he asked.
'Herpes,' replied the girl.
'Why's that?'
'Because he won't heel.'

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.*

What do you call an Irish Rastafarian's hairstyle?
Padlocks.

**Robinson Crusoe's lesser known brother Eric was shipwrecked with his dog on a desert island. He lived off the wild pigs that were native to the island, which he killed and ate — except for one, that is, which he kept as a pet. As the weeks went by, and frustration began to set in, Eric became strangely attracted to the well-rounded pig, and decided to vent his sexual urges on it. However, as soon as he got close to it, his dog became jealous, and leapt on top of him, biting and scratching.**
**This continued for some weeks, by which time Eric's sexual frustration was appalling. Then, one day, Eric could hardly believe his eyes... there was a naked lady's body lying on the shore. She was blonde and beautiful, and had obviously been involved in a shipwreck too. She was unconscious, but alive.**
**Slowly Eric nursed her back to health, until one day, she sat up, and gave Eric a big kiss.**
**'Oh thank you, thank you,' she said. 'You have saved my life.'**
**Eric smiled meekly. The girl pushed her naked tanned breasts into his chest.**
**'Is there *anything* I can do to repay you?' she asked, cupping her firm breasts.**
**At last Eric could end his terrible sexual frustration.**
**'Why yes, there is,' he said with an excited smile. 'Can you take this bloody dog for a walk?'**

A puppy limped into the western town, and hobbled upto the bar.
'Can I help you?' asked the bar tender.
'Yup,' said the puppy, 'I'm looking for the man who shot my paw.'

# Say it again, Sam!

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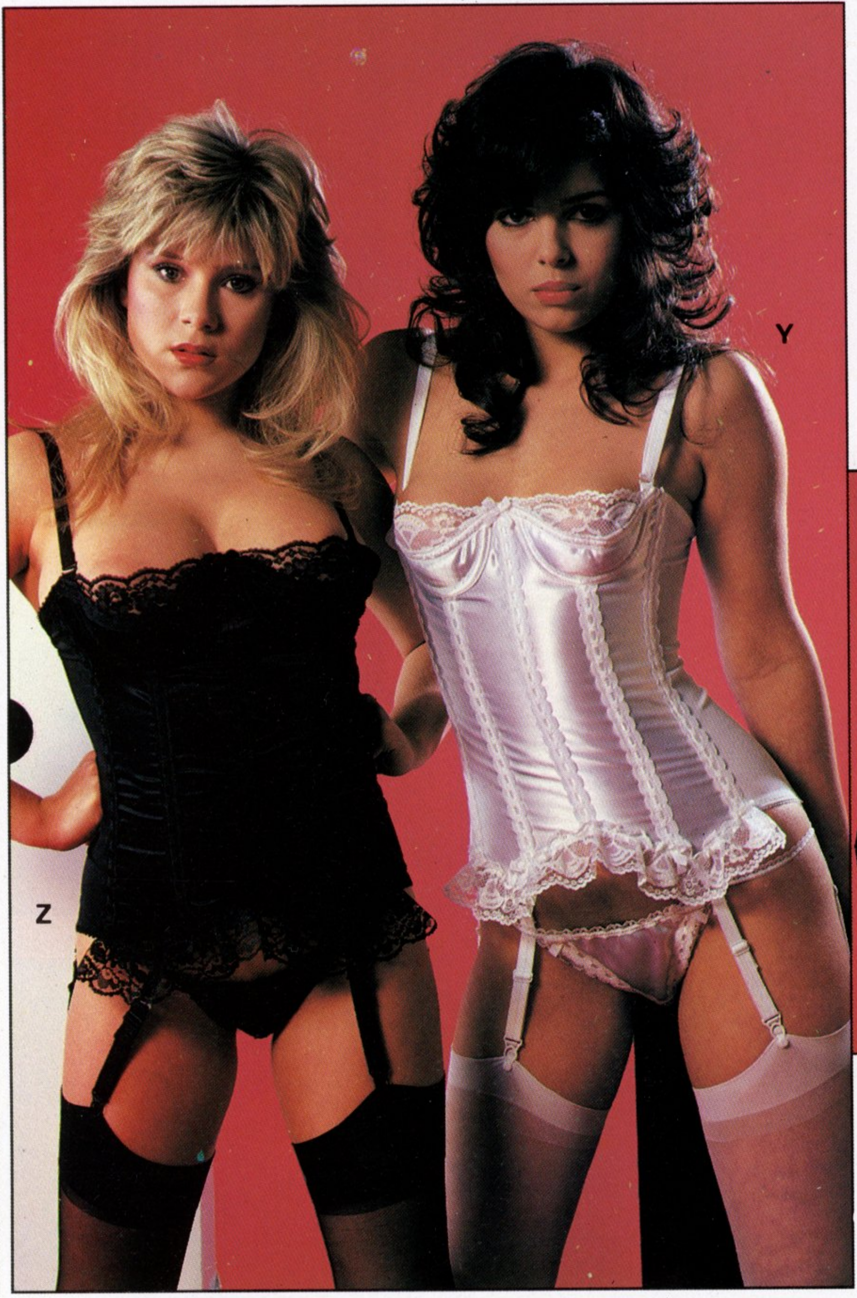

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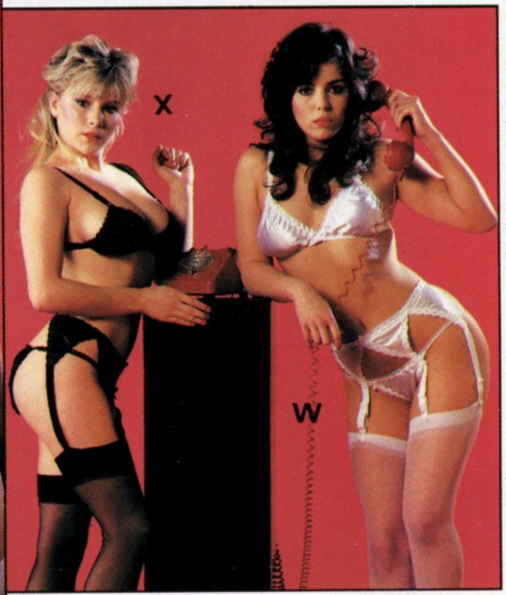

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